

TAKING OVER
TEXAS

JADE ROYAL

Taking Over Texas

TRUSSED IN HOPE

LIMITS OF LOVE SERIES NOVELLA,
EVERYTHING'S BIGGER IN TEXAS

JADE ROYAL



This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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Playlist

I always use music to fuel my stories. Because the list keeps growing, I'm going to give you the link to my [Spotify](#) playlist to listen to. Usually, I list the titles of the songs in a playlist but thought that giving you the direct link would be better. Don't worry about whether you have Spotify or not. They'll still let you listen to the tunes at no cost as long as you follow the link.

You can always send me a email at jaderoyalnews@gmail.com to let me know what you think. Enjoy the playlist as you read, I know I have a few times.

Cheers,

Jade Royal



Blurb

Set up by her best friend on a blind date, Cami has no idea what she's in for. She's sticking to her guns and playing everything close to her chest, but Alexander's plan is different. He's a demanding, yet charming, dominant hell-bent on showing her what BDSM is all about.

Alexander has a natural way of drawing Cami in, but an assignment ships him to Texas halting his efforts. It could make him lose out on a chance at love. Months away from Cami could prove to be too much, testing the limits of a new relationship. Will they prevail in love, or lose all hope?



Chapter 1

CAMI

“You did what?” On the inside, I screamed. Shelly was my best friend but she’d pushed the limits of our friendship too far this time.

“Just listen for a second. You told me that you wanted to learn more about the BDSM lifestyle with somebody who knew exactly what they’re doing. I know Alexander does. He’s an honorary master at the club. He’s not from here so he’s not at the club often.”

“Which means if I like him I don’t get to keep him.” I scoffed.

“He’s not a pet. It’s more like if you don’t like him, you don’t have to worry about seeing him again.” Shelly tried to reassure me but I wasn’t sure that it was working.

“I know you’re into all kinds of kinky shit but seriously? A blind kinky date? There has to be rules against this. What happened to trust and permission and all of that other stuff?” Thoughts were rushing about, giving me jitters. I stood pacing back and forth across my living room floor. What were the odds of him actually liking me? I looked down at my leggings and t-shirt and rolled my eyes.

Insecurities were surfacing that I couldn’t control. There was something inside, something broken and I didn’t know how to fix it. It made no sense, even to me. I was confident in everything I did. My job, my life, and even thought I was pretty. None of that translated to relationships and dating. I guess it’s to be expected when you were left at the altar on your wedding day.

Now I wondered if I was attractive, if I was better suited as a friend, whether or not I was crazy for having a blog where I showed my body to the world modeling clothes and giving fashion advice. Granted, it was part-time since I was working as a personal assistant in my everyday life, styling and shopping for other people.

Mostly, I craved the relationship that my best friend had with her husband. Yes, they were technically a thurple and had a really cute and awesome girlfriend. However, they were completely in love and willing to try having a third person in their relationship together. They explored life openly... together. The rest didn't matter. It was the bond they had. Sure, there was a story about how they got to their happily ever after, but they'd made it through the greatest obstacle to get to where they both wanted to be. I want that. Did I mention they have two beautiful twin babies?

“Safe, sane, and consensual. SSC. You need to start studying if you want to take this seriously.” Shelly scolded.

“Hey! Nobody said that I was taking anything seriously.” I hadn't. I'd been drunk the other night talking to her with way too many questions about her own life. Shelly was submissive to her husband but dominant to their submissive girlfriend Renee. I wanted to know how it all worked and Shelly had taken it much further.

“You need to get it together since he's on his way to your house.” Shelly chuckled.

What was funny about that? “What in the f—.” I gripped my hands in fists trying not to lose the last ounce of cool I had.

“I know.” Shelly sighed. “Alex is only here for the week and asked me about submissives at the club. There's nobody there that fits his style. After thinking about it, I really think that you'll be a great fit. He's an educator at heart, which is good for you. He can introduce you to some things before he leaves and you can wet your whistle a bit. Cami, this isn't a hook up for sex. It's a date. One that could lead wherever you want it to. You could even ask him questions that you were too chicken shit to ask me, because I know there are more.”

“I'm not afraid to ask...” My voice trailed off. Even I wasn't sold on that.

“You didn't even scratch the surface with your questions. Not to mention you were wasted when you did finally get the nerves to ask me anything. Sober, you'd never ask me some of the things you did. You may not be afraid of me, but you're

definitely curious about the extent of your sexuality. I can't say I can help you with it by having another drunken Q&A session. One date. It's only one damn date." Shelly pressed.

I heard a baby coo from her side of the line and part of my resolve dissipated. I wanted what Shelly had one day. Not the husband and girlfriend, but I did want a family and I was sure they weren't done having babies yet.

"Where is the date supposed to be?" I asked.

I could hear the smile and boasting coming from her and it annoyed me. "He'll be there in forty five minutes and the rest is up to y'all."

I sighed dumbfounded about how I always let her talk me into stuff. "You're lucky you're my best friend and that I trust you."

"Good. I'll be home all evening so I'll be your safe call."

"Safe call?" What was that?

"Yes, if you're uncomfortable about anything, you can call or text me. Also drop all of the necessary information about your date to me. Place, car info, additional people present, or things I'd need to know to find you."

"Are you sure this is safe? You sound like you don't know." I said sarcastically. My eyes darted to the window where there was a car passing by. I was totally on edge and I didn't like it. I was a planner and I didn't like surprises, especially this kind.

"Yes, even if there is trust, it doesn't mean that you get to disregard the rules. Being safe is the first one and the most important."

Shelly couldn't see it but I rolled my eyes at her. I stormed upstairs and into my bedroom with no idea what to wear.

"I can feel your hesitancy." Shelly thought out loud.

"Yeah." What else was left to say? I was irritated and clacking hangers together as I moved clothes left and right on the closet rack.

“Black leather skirt, gray sweater, and black boots with a high heel. Grab your black leather clutch and wear your hair down and straight.”

That could actually work. “Thank you.” I hesitantly complied.

“No problem. Do you want to talk while you get ready or do you want to talk to me later?”

“Later. I need a shower.” And time to relax. I was on edge and needed some relief from how intense Shelly could be.

“Cool. I love you and have fun.”

“I love you, too.” I hung up the phone but I wasn’t welcomed with relief.

Memories assaulted me, making me wonder if this was a good idea. It was one date and like Shelly said, I didn’t have to see him ever again. It’s not like Shelly was the type of friend who was known for setting me up multiple times to meet men. She’d never done anything like this and I trusted her with my life. I don’t know why she picked Alexander as the guy that she finally set me up with but my curiosity was beginning to kick in. It’d been awhile since I’d been on a date, so I could use the practice.

I had to hustle if I was going to make a great first impression. I’d decided to wear the clothing Shelly suggested. Now I just needed to shower, groom, and glamour. Cheers to everything going well, right?



The doorbell rang as I slid my foot into my last shoe. I laced up my boots before giving myself one final look in the mirror. Impressed with how good I looked, I winked at my reflection before hustling to the door. I stood in front of the door shaking off my frazzled nerves before finding the courage to open the door.

Oh... my... god!

If this was Alexander...

“Hello, beautiful. You must be Cami.” He stepped forward and took my hand, kissing it gently.

Blushing, I nodded. “I am. Good thing too since you kissed my hand.”

Alexander chuckled. “I had a hunch.”

He was tall and handsome. Dark brown skin, full neatly trimmed beard, and very solid. If there was fat somewhere hiding around his muscles it would be a miracle. He wasn't the body builder type, but clearly he worked out to stay in shape. It was natural, not overly done, and worked in his favor. The man was gorgeous. He wore a gray suit with a white casual shirt and white tennis shoes. It was the right mix of flavors that prevented his attire from being too much or too less.

“Shall we go?” Alexander asked.

“Where are we headed?” I asked, remembering the rules.

“Shelly suggested Baker's. Ever eaten there before?” His eyebrow arched in wonder.

Had I? Baker's was owned by Howard, the brother of Shelly's husband Harrison. They had amazing food. Not to mention I'd get to see Howard if he came in. Plus, it was safe. If I needed to get away or if help was required, I'd be in a position to get it.

Maybe Shelly had thought this out more than I'd given her credit for.

“That's perfect actually. I love it there.” There was no holding back the excitement that was beginning to bubble.

“Good. Are you ready then?” He inquired.

“I am.” I grabbed my clutch from beside the door and my keys. I locked up and walked with him to his car.

I retrieved my cell from my clutch, took a photo, and sent it to Shelly before getting inside of the offered door.

“Good girl.” The words rolled off Alexander's tongue easily. He wasn't offended by my actions, almost like he was

proud.

Once inside, we drove in comfortable silence while he played mellow jazz music. I'd never heard the song before but it didn't matter. I was pulled into the mix of sounds, listening to the silent story. Mesmerized.

Inside the restaurant, we were seated in a secluded area that offered privacy but still visible. I wondered if Shelly had something to do with that too.

"Would you like an appetizer?" Alexander asked.

"If you want one, we can. They have really good spinach dip." I offered nervously. I was out of practice with this dating thing and Alexander was more than a little intimidating.

"We can do that. Any other suggestions?" He scanned the menu looking over his options.

"They have an amazing seafood stuffed steak. I usually get it with broccolini and mashed potatoes."

The server chose that moment to appear. Her name was Candace and Alexander placed our orders. He remembered what I'd suggested and looked over to make sure he'd gotten it right which he had. I don't know if that's what I wanted but the way he'd checked to make sure it was okay with only a glance was more welcoming than offensive. He'd somehow made it easy, not to mention he'd taken my advice and ordered the same meal but he'd gotten the mac and cheese instead of the potatoes.

"Also a good choice." I took a sip of the water Candace had given us when she'd arrived.

"I really hope so. So tell me what you do, Cami." He leaned forward with folded hands, prepared to listen.

"Currently, I'm a personal assistant. I help people get ready for major events mostly, shopping for them or with them to make sure that they look their best."

"How'd you get into that?"

"I actually interned with a woman who hired me as an errand girl. She had a stylist who cancelled on her at the last

minute and I stepped in. Word spread and I've been doing this ever since."

"Damn. That's one hell of a story." Alexander stroked his beard as he contemplated.

"How? I didn't really think it was."

"Not if you just listen to the surface version of the story. I gathered a lot from it. You enjoy helping people. Not only that, you like helping them feel good about themselves. You like what you do?" He asked.

"I do. It has its own rewards. What do you do?"

"Merchandising." There was something mischievous in the glint from his eyes.

I snickered. "What kind of 'merchandise' are you moving?" Was he a drug dealer seriously?

Alexander leaned back into his chair smiling. "I appreciate that you think I sell drugs. I set up the way stores look. Everything from the displays to the type of fixtures that will help them sell products. I own my company and businesses contract me to make them look good."

"Legitimate businesses?" Raising my eyebrow, I challenged what he was saying for the final time.

"Very legitimate." Alexander studied me intensely. His eyes assessed mine daring me to challenge him again. I could have backed down and let it be but something in his overly confident posture told me to push further.

"So there are no crime bosses or goons lurking around to take you down? I can't have somebody messing up my date."

"*Your* date? I'm positive you knew nothing of this occasion until tonight."

"True, but what about that means that it's not *my* date?"

"What about any of this tells you that it is?" He was back to stroking his beard and studying me. Those deep brown eyes darkened even more and I wondered if I'd gone too far. His

nose flared a little but the rest of him remained controlled. He didn't move as he waited for my reply.

“Everything about anything means that this is *my* date. I'm the woman that's supposed to be swooned and sated.”

“Does that mean that *I* shouldn't be swooned and sated?”

“That is exactly what it means.” Growing bolder by the minute, I never let my eyes leave his.

“See, sating my needs always comes with a reward. Making me unhappy has consequences. I'm not sure your virgin ass could handle what happens when I'm unhappy.”

Heat warmed my core but stayed low in my belly. There was something fun about our banter. It was flirty in an unexpected way.

Offended at the jibe to my maturity, I challenged his statement. “Virgin?”

“Indeed.” He nodded in my direction.

“Alexander, as flattered as I am for the compliment, I'm not a virgin.”

“I said ‘virgin ass’. Have you ever been flogged, whipped, or caned?” He waited for my answer but somehow he didn't need me to respond. “I didn't think so.”

“I didn't say anything!” I blurted defensively.

“And dear girl, you don't have to. I can smell the newness of you already.” Predator.

Not willing to roll over and play dead, I took another route. “Are you sure that's not just something that you were told?”

“If you're referring to Shelly, she only told me that she thought we'd be a good fit. I told her about my personal issues. She could have made her decision to pair us off because of that.”

It was my turn to lean forward. “And what exactly did you tell her?”

“Most women can’t handle being in any kind of relationship with me. I travel a lot and I’m gone for long periods of time between visits. I don’t know which is worse, the insecurities that fester or the infidelity.”

I could relate to him. I didn’t travel but men couldn’t exactly handle being in a relationship with me either. I work a lot and I’m dedicated to what I do. They lose interest easily and then disappear for whatever reason.

Lost, in my own thoughts, I was grateful when the waitress returned and brought out food. I let him taste my mash potatoes and I had a bit of his mac and cheese. We were both pretty silent during dinner and the car ride back. I think he was bothered by his revelation and his story hit too close to home spoiling my mood and most of my appetite.

I didn’t want to drag this out any longer than necessary so I said my goodbye and walked to my door alone. Inside, I took off my shoes and put my leftover food away before grabbing a cold bottle of water. I sat at the counter, eating a slice of the cheesecake I’d made yesterday. I’d topped it with homemade cherry sauce and Golden Oreo cookie crumbs. I got through half of it before putting the rest back in the fridge.

Picking up my shoes, half exhausted, I began walking up the mahogany red carpeted steps. At the fourth step my doorbell rang. Debating if I wanted to open it, I walked to the peephole to see Alexander there. Thinking of no reason for him to come back, I phoned Shelly.

“Hey, back so soon?” She greeted me.

“Yeah, we’ll get to that. Alexander is back and ringing my door. Before I get shit about letting him in...”

“I’ll stay on the phone.”

I opened the door partially to see Alexander with a worrisome expression. What was going on?

“Hey, I just wanted to come back to apologize. We spent most of the evening quiet after I answered your question. I guess I’m more irritated by those thoughts than I expected.

You didn't deserve that so I wanted to come back and apologize. We were actually having a good time until then."

"Agreed."

"Can I make it up to you another time?" Alexander produced a small bouquet of red roses that I accepted. I was actually speechless at the gesture. He didn't have to do anything at all let alone roses. He could have left and never had to face the music of our awkward first date.

"There's no telling how long he'll be here before he has to go back." Shelly spoke into my ear.

"Alexander..." I began hesitantly.

"Please call me Lex."

"Okay... Lex, I'm not really sure how long you're going to be here. You mentioned your trips being short lived most of the time..." I started.

"True. I understand. I just thought I'd felt something between us, but I understand. Sorry to bother you. Enjoy the rest of your night."

I had felt something when he kissed my hand, in the car on our way to the restaurant while listening to music, as well as during our conversation. I couldn't explain it but he'd peeked my interest. Not to mention that I was sympathetic to his story.

"You said he's safe, right?" I whispered into the phone.

"Yes, why?" Shelly asked.

"Lex!" I shouted after him before he got into his car.

He paused and looked up to the doorway where I was standing.

"Come back!" I disconnected the call with Shelly then waited patiently to see if he would come to the door.

And he did.



Chapter 2

ALEXANDER

It had been a long time since I'd been with a woman who wasn't afraid to speak to me. Cami was bold yet I hadn't felt disrespected by her need to know more information. It was refreshing. I wasn't desperate for attention from a woman but I did know how to appreciate one who held my attention. Especially, when she did all night with her clothes still on.

Once inside her house, we picked up like nothing happened. Our conversation began with deep topics and then eased up before going deeper again. We'd steered away from BDSM or sex altogether. Not for fear of it, but I liked being able to talk to her about anything, not just kinks. We'd fallen asleep somewhere around four in the morning on her living room floor complete with blankets and pillows.

I awoke to Cami cuddled in my arms facing away from me. I couldn't remember how we'd fallen asleep but I definitely didn't think it was like this. Leaning in, I inhaled her scent. Something strawberry and really sweet registered making me lean even closer to her. I kissed the back of her shoulder unable to help myself. She felt good in my arms, soft, warm, and right. I nibbled her shoulder wanting to taste more of her. Aroused by just the smell of her, it was heightened the more I touched her.

"Keep that up and we'll be doing more than cuddling." Cami murmured.

"Then stop smelling so good." I replied near her ear.

She shivered and I pulled her closer into my arms.

"Any closer and you'll be inside me." She gasped as I slid my tongue over the back of her shoulder.

"You shouldn't taste delicious, either."

Cami sighed, relaxed in my arms. "How'd we get here?" She asked.

I chuckled, not sure either. “I woke up to you in my arms. You felt amazing so I indulged.”

“Mhm... And how did I get into your arms?”

“Your guess is as good as mine.” I kissed up the back of her neck and teased the skin there.

“You played nice last night. Was that so you could butter me up and play today?”

“Not at all. Just one of those things that feels right. You’re soft, smell good, with exposed skin, and you have your ass planted nicely against my dick. How can I walk away from that?”

Cami pushed her ass back, firmly trapping me against her, and grinding her softness against me slowly. It almost felt like I was inside her. Heat gathered between us, settling in my lap, hardening me even more with every glide against me.

I gripped her hips, ready to remove the barriers, and fuck the sense out of her, but as soon as she felt my hands she rolled away.

“Cock tease.”

“Never.”

“You better not be, because when I am finally inside you, you’ll be the one begging, brat.”

“I’m not a brat.” Yet her eyes told a different story. They held an air of mystery and I could tell that she liked to hide behind it. Mixed with her “bad girl when I want to be” attitude, she was a brat for sure.

“Plans today?” I asked. I wanted to spend more time with her but I didn’t want to hog up all of her day.

“I have none. Well, my mother is supposed to be dropping Laila back home to me later on.”

“Your dog right?” I believe that’s her name.

“Yes. Did you have plans today?” That mischievous look of hers was still on her face. What was she up to?

“Later this evening, I do. I’m supposed to meet Howard at the club. Apparently, there’s a rule that states that if I don’t have a submissive, I have to help train some of the ones at the club.”

Her eyebrow raised in an unspoken question.

“Yes, brat?”? since we’d only been on one date. I could understand her reservations though.

“When we talked last night, you said that you wanted to explore where this could go. I can’t say I’m open to exploring things with you if there is a chance with someone else. I understand that we’ve only been on one date. I won’t be as open as you want me to be if I know that you could also be seeing someone else.”

“You’re asking me to be committed to something that has only just begun.”

“I know. And I understand if it means you need to step away from me. It’s a tall order to fill but those are my terms.”

I’d already told Howard yes. Cami was driving a hard bargain. She wanted me to date only her and we’d known each other less than twenty four hours. I could see her logic because BDSM was more intense than regular vanilla dating, but it wasn’t exactly something I could commit to blindly. It made me wonder about her relationship history and possible trust issues.

“I’ll think it over.” And that was the most that I could promise her right now.



I walked into Club Illusions smelling some fruity scent Tiffany had put in the lobby. She was the Gatekeeper, in charge of letting people in and out of here. During club hours, she was always dressed in something fun and exciting. Tonight wasn’t a regular night so she was wearing jeans and a t-shirt that read “coffeeing”. She was very into whatever was on her computer screen, pausing only to sip something from a Tervis tumbler.

Her t-shirt said that she was serious about her coffee so I assumed it was her drink. Since I had my own collection of Tervis cups, I knew immediately she was particular about her coffee. Those cups kept the brew nice and hot for extended periods.

I stood still wondering if Tiffany could sense me standing here. She hadn't lifted her eyes or even glanced in my direction.

"You're way too tall to try to blend in, Lex." Tiffany chastised without ever looking my way.

"Getting slow, are we?" I asked as I strolled to the counter where she sat.

"No chance of that, buddy. Whatcha here doing?" Finally, she looked up and I noticed her pigtails bouncing about.

"Here to see the boss man."

"He just left. He'll be back. He told me you're meeting Gabriella here. You guys are going to be training in the mainroom?"

"Why'd you ask if you knew why I was here, puddin'?" I studied her expression waiting for her to deny the sick thrill she got out of knowing everything that happened in here before it happened.

"Because I can." She smiled sweetly but her eyes confirmed exactly what I suspected.

"I'm positive that you're a sadist." I chuckled afterward because though she was completely submissive, she did have a sadistic side.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" She looked over to the right looking at the camera that surveyed the side parking lot. "You need to get lost, Gabriella is on her way in. And I don't want you scaring her away with your Dom-stare. At least let me make sure she gets checked in without having a breakdown, scary man."

I turned my stare her way and she lowered her eyes. "I'll be waiting. And puddin', when you're ready to really feel my

Dom-stare, you let me know.” I reached over and tugged one of her ponytails before walking off.

I knew she was blushing something pretty, but we both knew we weren’t a good fit. Though we teased one another, it wasn’t purposeful. Just good fun and friendly. Besides, what Dom didn’t enjoy making submissives, squirm?

Gabriella had a girl-next-door charm. Cute as a button, but nothing oozing sexy. She was full figured and tall, at least for a woman. Brown curly hair, round face, and small pouty mouth. She walked in slowly, almost as if she was afraid of me. Timid.

“Are you Gabriella?” I asked.

“I am. You must be Alexander.”

“Lex. I prefer it over Alexander.”

“Yes, sir.” Polite.

Gabriella still stood a good distance away, afraid to come any closer.

“Little mouse, come closer.” I kept my voice steady and low, I wasn’t sure of her past or why she was on edge but I didn’t want to scare her further.

“Is that necessary?” She questioned, but her voice was shaky. She was afraid.

I picked up my phone and texted Tiffany. Shortly after, she entered the room. She had her laptop with her and sat near the entrance. She didn’t say a word to us, she just went back to working. Perfect.

Visibly, Gabriella’s shoulders relaxed. She was more comfortable when she wasn’t alone with me. That explained why Howard insisted on using the main room. It was wide open and Gabriella could see people coming and going. She wouldn’t think that nobody could see her.

This ought to be interesting.

I focused our session on building that preliminary trust. I touched her a lot; shoulder caresses, hair strokes, placement of

her body to achieve positions I wanted. And when I spoke directly to her, I kept her chin on the edge of my fingertips, palms upward, and I held her eyes until I was ready for them to lower.

It made her uncomfortable but I didn't care about that. My concern was her ability to be alone with me. While finishing up our session, something dawned on me. I didn't know if it would work but the idea had blossomed and was growing into something I needed to put in motion.

I drove all the way home thinking my idea over. I had to find the flaws, drawbacks, and determine how much risk was going to be involved. I could be making a huge mistake or I could be in for the ride of my life. By the time that I'd gotten home, I knew what I wanted to do. It was only a matter of Cami saying yes.



Chapter 3

CAMI

Cami,

You would think after a night of good conversation, fun, and cuddling, that I would have had the sense to get your number. Since I didn't, I decided to try a different approach than texting Shelly for it.

Roses are red...

Lex

Yes they were. And I had two dozen of them to testify the truth. Lex had attached his contact information at the bottom of the card leaving me to decide if I wanted to see or hear from him again. I kept myself busy with dividing up the roses and putting them in different size vases around my home. I placed a single one next to my bed where I sat debating my next move. A week had passed since I'd heard from him and this only partially explained why. The roses were a point in his favor though, a consistent way for him to apologize. I decided to hear him out. Curious about why he was contacting me now, I sent him a text message.

Me: Are you going to finish the poem or not?

Lex: Depends. Do you like violets?

Me: No. I prefer roses.

Lex: Then there's no need to finish. It should begin and end with roses.

Me: So this is the end?

Lex: Or the beginning. Depends on how adventurous you're feeling.

Me: I'm listening.

Lex: Talk or text?

Me: Text. I'm in the middle of something.

I wasn't but texting gave me the option of not responding, or taking my time to think over an answer.

Lex: Are you still interested in learning about BDSM?

As much as I didn't want to admit it, I was more curious about it after meeting him than I was before. Hearing how controlled he always was struck a different chord.

Me: I'm listening.

Lex: Answer my question, beautiful.

I hesitated. I closed my eyes, took a deep breath, and exhaled slowly. When I felt the tension leave me, I responded honestly.

Me: Yes.

Lex: Good girl. How do you feel about training with Gabriella? You can see the fundamentals of BDSM, get your feet wet, and keep me from falling head over heels in love with her. That's your plan, right?

Me: Jerk.

Lex: You have no idea. Are you afraid to get wet, Cami? Will you come play?

Me: I'm not afraid of you, Lex.

Lex: You don't listen very well. I can see this is going to be more fun than I thought.

Me: Why do you think so? I listen!

Lex: Because when you step inside the club, you're mine. That means I can punish you as I see fit. And there's nothing you can do about it.

Me: Nothing? I'm pretty sure I know what a safeword is.

Lex: The most important rule. I said nothing about breaking trust or rules. I said, I can do as I please. Breaking your trust isn't on that list.

Me: Maybe this is a bad idea...

Lex: You're nervous. Good. I'll see you tonight at 7.

Me: Who said I was free?

Lex: I did. Bye, Cami.

Me: ttys

I sighed finally able to breathe without anxiety racing after me. Nothing about any of that should have turned me on but it did. And I spent the rest of my day trying to forget the deal I just made with the devil.



I arrived at the address Lex sent me and I was nervous about what I saw. The building reminded me of a small ancient mansion. There were white columns outside surrounding the doorway. I felt like royalty as I entered. The inside was a total contrast to the outside. It was more modern. Black walls with white words written on them led you to the lobby area. There was a huge comfy leather couch, caramel and ginger fragrance, and a counter much like one you'd find inside a hotel.

There was a guard standing next to it. He nodded in my direction and went back to monitoring. There was a woman sitting down behind the counter, hidden from view. I didn't see her until I approached.

"Whoops! Sorry. I thought the call was going to be quicker. She lifted her hand to her ear, took something out of it, and stood up. "I'm Tiffany. You must be Cami."

How did she know? "I am."

"Did you bring anything to change into?" Tiffany inquired.

"Uh... no." I looked down to my open sweater, leggings, long tank, and boots. "Am I underdressed?"

"He's a brute. He didn't tell you anything did he?" Tiffany asked but she didn't need me to confirm her thoughts since her expression told me that she knew he hadn't told me much of anything.

I shook my head and she rolled her eyes.

"Well, he's going to wait. I'm going to go over all of the rules with you and then help you make what you're wearing work."

I nodded feeling a bit overwhelmed.

"First of all, this is a SSC environment. Safe, Sane, and Consensual. You have to consent to everything done to you."

I smiled seeing the flaw in Lex's plan.

“Don’t get that mistaken with being defiant. If you make an agreement to play, you negotiate before you play, not during. The club’s blanket safeword is red. So even if you negotiate a different one, monitors and observers will only recognize red as a means for stop or danger.” Tiffany paused and pulled out an agreement with a pen. “Ready to get down to business?”

Did I really have a choice? “Sure.”

“I’ll make it painless. You’ll have to bring me an STD test before you can play with anybody outside of Lex. He signed a waiver but you don’t get that option. If he’s the only person you plan to play with, it’s not an issue. You’ll have to wear a band around your wrist until you decide.”

That made sense. It was a sex club of sorts. I nodded and spent the next twenty minutes learning the rules of the club. My first lesson in BDSM.

“Pop quiz! What does SSC mean?” Tiffany asked readily.

“Safe, sane, and consensual.” I’d heard it more times than I’d care to admit. How could I forget?

“And what’s the club’s safe word?”

“Red. Even if I’ve negotiated a different one.”

Tiffany squealed and clapped her hands, palms close and fingertips moving quickly against each other.

“Let’s get you inside. You’re in charge.” She said the last part to the guard as she passed him.

She gave me a locker where I put all of my things. When she was done, I wore only my long tank that covered my butt, panties, and socks. The floor was cold because the club hadn’t warmed up fully yet. Everything else had to stay. Bra included.

Feeling exposed, I followed her to an area she’d referred to as the main room. There were lots of things hanging about. Every surface seemed to have a purpose. Leather cuffs hung from the sides of tables in the back. There was a stage in the front center that had a huge mirror behind it.

Lex was sitting on the stage, legs dangling off the side, and there was a woman kneeling in front of him. I walked over, leaving Tiffany after I thanked her. I came over to the stage and waited.

“Gabriella, this is Cami. Not that you guys will be doing much socializing in here. You’ll be training together though.”

There was a crash behind me and I turned to see a woman holding an arm full of glasses.

“Fuck!” She shouted.

I moved to go help but stopped short when I saw Howard rushing toward her. He held up a hand in my direction and began helping her. I turned back to Lex and he had an unreadable expression on his face.

“You okay?” He asked.

“I am. I just, I didn’t want her hurt.”

“I understand. I need your attention here though.”

I nodded and refocused on him.

“Kneel, beautiful.”

I did slowly, surprised that the floor was cushioned.

“Today’s lesson is about being able to read your body. Sometimes, your body says one thing while your mind says another. When you’re in a scene, you need to listen to your body, not your head. Let me show you.”

Lex hopped off the stage and kneeled between us, facing our direction. He slowly began stroking our thighs, sides, arms, and necks. He leaned over to her and whispered something into her ear. Gabriella gasped and Lex chuckled. His hand never stopped touching me. He caressed and tingles followed. And when he was back to my thighs, I whimpered when his fingers trailed upward. Every touch was purposeful and stirred longing. He then leaned over to my ear and whispered. Ready for whatever he was about to tell me, I leaned into him.

“Tonka trucks, Barbie dolls, Rubix cubes, and Legos.”

Unexpectedly, I giggled. Was he serious? His hands never stopped moving, keeping me half invested in what my body was feeling. Hands traveled up my stomach and then down my front. He was going to touch my pussy. Air... where was it?

“Water, oceans, land, air, fire engines, and police cars.”

Fuck those police cars. I was hot and wanted him to do more with his fingers than he was. I leaned toward his hand hoping he'd sate the need he was building. He was saying something in my ear but I couldn't focus on anything but the desire burning everywhere. His hand slid around to my ass where he squeezed it gently. I sighed, closing my eyes.

“See, that wasn't so difficult was it, beautiful?” His voice was like velvet along my skin. Soft on one side, rough on the other. “Maybe you aren't afraid to get wet for me.”

Lex cupped my mound and pressed against me. I gasped for air hoping for relief.

“You definitely aren't afraid. Wet enough to drown in. Good thing I know how to swim.” Suddenly he let go, leaving me breathless and needy.

Lex took a step back and then climbed back on the stage. “You'll be learning positions today. It's going to force you to listen to your body. Both of you ladies are nice and soft. Which means you may or may not be able to do certain positions traditionally. You'll have to listen to what your body will allow and what it won't, then you'll modify it.”

Lex whistled loudly, while looking toward the bar. The woman who dropped the glasses looked up and nodded. After putting away what she was doing, she came over and took the stage. She stripped down to her bra and panties, kicking her shoes off at the same time. She was gorgeous. Though she was lean, she still had soft places including her belly, butt, and thighs. She had no reason to be ashamed of her body and I didn't think she was either. Confident.

“Sorry, Master Lex. I'm running behind today.” She blew upward, blowing curls out of her mocha-skinned face.

I gasped, suddenly recognizing her. She was Shelly and Harrison's girlfriend. I'd always seen her completely dolled up so seeing her more casual had completely thrown me for a loop.

"Not a problem. Ladies, this is Renee. She volunteered to show you guys the positions. We'll be working on three today. Present, kneel, and inspection. We'll start with kneel."

Renee graciously went on her knees, body straight and aligned, her head high, but her eyes were cast down and to the side.

"Notice anything?" Lex asked us.

"Yes, though her body is upright, and her head is held high, her eyes are averted," I told him. He waited for more, but I didn't see anything else. I looked at her body and noted something else. "And her hands are behind her back."

Renee looked at me and I noticed her mouth moving. What was she saying?

Gabriella whispered beside me, "Say 'sir'."

"Sir?" I repeated.

"Are you asking or telling me?" Lex asked.

Renee shook her head.

"Neither," I responded. He had mentioned something about being respectful and saying, sir. "Neither, sir."

"Good girl. Tell Renee and Gabriella thank you for saving your hide."

"Thank you, ladies." I sighed feeling in over my head. There was a lot to remember. What if I forgot? Would I disappoint myself or Lex?

"Let's try it. Ladies, kneel for me." Lex waited, watching us purposefully.

We did it with a lot less grace than Renee had. How had she managed to make it seem so easy?

"Again."

And that was the way the rest of the session went.



At home, I ached. My legs were tired and I was stiff. Laila ran to the door to meet me but I was too tired to pick her up. Too tired to do much of anything. And I still had homework to do.

I made myself a sandwich quickly with a glass of sweet tea. Upstairs, I ran my bath water with some soaking salts in it as instructed. Sandwich gone, and most of my tea too, I began to disrobe for my bath when my phone rang. Seeing Lex's name, I answered.

"Hello." I greeted.

"Sir." He corrected me.

"I didn't know the pleasantries extended outside of our training," I replied.

"For you, I think they should. We don't have much time together so you may as well keep the practice going."

"Yes, sir," I mumbled. I'd been having doubts about all of this the entire night. I'd hoped to come home to get a reprieve.

"What are you doing right now?" He asked.

"I was told to take a bath and pamper myself as part of aftercare. Is that not right, *sir*?" I put emphasis on the 'sir' this time.

Lex chuckled. "That is correct. Are you still sore?"

"I am incredibly sore and stiff. How did you know?"

"You limped across the parking lot faster than I would have thought possible." He joked. "Can I see you now?"

"You mean like a video?" I began removing the rest of my clothes and put on my robe. I turned off the water, happy with the height of it and the temperature.

"I mean if I came by. Can I see you?"

“It’ll have to be after my bath. I was given strict instructions that I had to bathe before anything else. And you see, my instructor isn’t to be messed with or tried. A bossy pain in my ass, you know, sir?”

Lex growled. “You’re testing me, little one. Answer the question.”

I didn’t know if I should listen to him and answer his question or if I should continue to play. What if he punished me later for it? My heartbeat quickened in excitement and my body warmed. I think I knew my answer now.

“I thought that I was the one being tested.” I teased. “Did the rules change, sir?”

Laila barked just before my doorbell sounded. I gasped knowing exactly who that was.

“Yes, I think they did. Open the door, Cami.” The call ended and my heart felt like it was pounding out of my chest.

I sent Shelly a quick text message and my phone rang just after, making me squeak. Fumbling with the phone, I retrieved it quickly and answered.

“Why is he there?” Shelly asked.

“I may or may not have taunted him,” I responded while slowly walking toward the door. The doorbell rang again and I stopped in my tracks.

Fuck!

“Good luck with that. I’ll check on you later. You’ve got a very valuable lesson to learn tonight.” Shelly hung up the phone and a text came through.

Lex: No need to hide now, little one. Open the door. You’ll only make your punishment worse the longer I have to stand out here.

Shit!

I rushed to the door and opened it. Lex didn’t say anything, he just progressed into the house, closing the door with his foot until he hovered above me. I looked up at him but the

intensity of his eyes was too much to handle at once. Looking down, and not paying attention, I hit the wall near the staircase. His left hand reached out to steady me, preventing me from falling. My robe had fallen open a bit and his gaze turned hungry at seeing my breast exposed. I moved to fix it but his eyes pierced me, daring me to do so. I didn't.

Hard to breathe. It was hot. Jesus! His hand. It stroked my side while the side of his arm teased the side of my breast.

“Where'd all that bravado go?” Lex asked.

Speechless I stood there. Too much to handle, I tried to ease away and up the steps. His hand held firmly, like steel that wouldn't budge though his hands were warm and molded to me perfectly. I dared to look up at him again but that predator expression of his was still there. I licked my lips but even my saliva seemed to be running from him as well.

His hand slipped down to the top of my ass where he gripped tighter. I moaned in response, and that was an accident. How'd we get here? Oh yeah, I'd teased him a bit too much.

“Yes, sir?” I inquired.

“Now you're all 'yes, sir' 'no, sir'. That wasn't what you were saying on the phone, is it now, little one?”

“What happened to 'beautiful'? I liked that endearment better.” I blurted but it was too late because the words were out there. I looked up, afraid yet excited by what he would say or do.

“Come here.” Lex took my hand and led me to the couch.

I was happy that he was letting it go. I exhaled in relief. He removed the satin tie from my robe, admiring the bit of me that he could see.

“Lean over the couch for me.”

I followed his instructions wearily. What was he doing? I felt the silk tie around my wrist as he began to speak.

“Any aversions to being tied up?” He asked.

I clenched my vaginal muscles hoping he couldn't see how much I enjoyed the thought. "No, sir."

"We'll use the universal safeword unless you have one you'd like to submit for consideration."

"Red is fine, sir." What was about to happen? Trepidation and fear coursed through me, making me tense even more.

When he finished at my wrists, I couldn't get my hands free. I struggled a bit but each time I did, it didn't seem to ease or give.

"Easy, little one. No marking those delicate wrists of yours. Breathe." He encouraged me.

And I did. He lifted the back of my robe upward to expose my butt and the back view of my pussy. The cool air drafted over me making me self-conscious of how wet I was. I swallowed and looked over my shoulder.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"See... you have a problem with saying 'sir', answering my questions, and following instructions. I think it's about time that I showed you the consequences of those actions."

I went to stand but he held me down with his palm firmly placed on my lower back. "What's your safe word, little one?"

"Red."

"Do you need to use it?"

Yes. No. Tiffany had explained that if I used my safeword, all play must stop. I didn't want him to stop. Not when my body was responding so eagerly to him. I shook my head no and tried to relax.

"I'm waiting." He urged.

I shook my head, what else did he... then I remembered. "No, sir."

"Good girl." He ran his fingertips over my ass, massaging the flesh there. "So soft..." His voice trailed off as he focused on his actions. "You'll count for me, won't you?"

“What am I counting, sir?” Did I really want to know?

“You’ll catch on quickly. Ready?”

I opened my mouth to speak but before I could, his hand connected with my butt in a loud clap. It stung and parts of me wanted to jump away but his hand held steady even though I squirmed and cursed. He didn’t say a word. He just waited for me to calm down. I sighed and stomped. Still feeling the burn.

“Whenever you’re ready.”

Swallowing the pain, I finally calmed and waited.

“This would go so much faster if you counted.”

“What am I counting, sir?” I asked.

“Hmm...”

More smacks to the rounded part of my butt sounded, heating my skin with desire and pain.

“Aaah!” I squirmed hard hoping for this to be over soon.

“How many was that?” He asked.

“How many whaaaaaat?!” I shouted. I was getting irritated with the whole counting thing.

“How many times did I spank you?” He pressed.

Shit.

I hadn’t been counting those at all.

“Since it seems like you don’t know, we’ll start again.” And he did.

Three swift smacks to my ass had me shouting my answer before he even asked. *Fuck that hurt.* “Three! Three, sir!”

“Much better. Thank you, beautiful.”

The sentiment wasn’t lost. I was grateful for the words of affirmation. There was something so sweet about how he said it. The tone and deliberateness. Almost like he meant it.

“Take a deep breath.” He warned.

I did just in time. Ten. That's the number of times he spanked my butt in a row without stopping. He paused for a second before delivering five more.

"Fifteen that time!" I yelled as tears raced down my face. I was shaking, completely shaken by what he was doing to me. The pain registered but so did desire. His hand had moved, hitting various places on my butt. He'd even managed to spank my pussy too. I was aroused and disciplined which confused the hell out of me.

"For a total of?" His tone sounded hopeful as if he wanted me not to remember.

"Eighteen."

And they began again.

I counted each of them out loud as he delivered them, but somewhere around twenty eight, things began to swim at the same time that the shaking got worse, and I was crying.

"How many?" His voice was gruff and his hand explored my butt and the exposed part of my pussy.

"Twenty eight." I sobbed.

"Good girl." Lex kissed all over my butt, soothing the pain as he went. "Let's get you into the tub, so you can rest."

I nodded unable to speak. I was feeling emotional, not really understanding what was happening. I hadn't been spanked so thoroughly since I was a child. And the thoughts racing through my head were probably similar. I regretted being playful, questioned my actions, and wondered if his thoughts about me had changed.

He helped me to stand and after kissing my forehead, we slowly ascended upstairs. He laced my arm through his and we climbed each step together. He held on to me tightly, removing any fears of me not being steady enough.

"Where is your bath salt?" Lex asked.

"Underneath the sink, sir."

“Good girl.” He sat me on the toilet after he closed the lid. Then he let out some of the water before refilling it with warm water. He put the salt into the water and instantly the water clouded. He tested the water before standing me up, removing my robe, and helping me into the tub. He took off his shirt and went back underneath my sink, taking out a few candles, and my long lighter meant for candles. He lit them around the room and turned on the ipod deck that was on top of the shelving in the corner. The sounds of 90’s R&B filled the room further putting me in a relaxed mood.

“Did you eat?” Lex asked.

“I had a sandwich before.” I confessed.

“Are you still hungry?” He came up behind me and began massaging my shoulders, making me forget that anything else existed.

“Hmm...” I moaned while closing my eyes.

“Are you comfortable with me going downstairs to fix you something more to eat before bed?”

“I’m not sleepy.” I mumbled.

“You really are a brat. Yes, or no?”

“Yes, you can.”

He trailed his hands down the front of my body until he got to my thighs. He lifted my left leg out of the water and began massaging it from thigh to the tip of my toes.

My body relaxed even more into the water as I tried to figure out how the magic came from his hands and invaded my legs. Every muscle relaxed under his attention making me forget the “kneel and relax” routine he’d put us through earlier. Both legs were blessed by his hands and afterward, I was putty floating in the water.

Lex drained more of the water and added hot water back in to rewarm the water. He kissed my forehead, placed a towel behind my head for support, and disappeared to find me food.

I had not a single complaint about anything. All I could do was feel. And because I was so relaxed, that left nothing to

worry about at all. In fact...

“Cami?” Lex stroked my shoulder barely stirring me from the deep slumber I’d fallen into.

Whoa. The water was cold and my body was stiff again.

“I need to get you out.” Lex’s voice was gentle yet concerned. “This water is much cooler than I expected it to be.”

“I still need to wash my body,” I mumbled. Though I was relaxed, I could feel the residue of the salt on my skin.

“Okay... Bear with me.” Lex emptied the tub completely of water. He covered me with a towel while he rinsed away the salt mixture from the bottom of the bathtub and then he helped me to stand.

A bit lightheaded, I didn’t fight him when he held on to me as he turned on the shower and washed me. I put the towel behind my head and let him do all the work while I tried to focus on being upright. After I was squeaky clean, he dried me off and put me to bed.

He made grilled cheese sandwiches with soup and we ate mostly in silence. Me because I was struggling to stay awake, him because he was busy watching to make sure I was okay.

“If you keep staring at me, I’m going to develop a complex.” I joked. I didn’t hide the snicker or apologize for it.

“When you stop falling asleep, I will.” His face remained calm but his eyes were troubled.

“What’s wrong, Alexander?” I asked pointedly.

“I’m just... thinking.” He had to be because he hadn’t paid much attention to the fact that I’d called him by his first name.

“About?” I finished the last bite of my sandwich and put my dishes on the bedside table.

“I don’t want to scare you.”

“Too late. Talk to me.” I turned in his direction, moving the least amount as possible.

“There’s something about you. I felt it on that first night. I know it sounds crazy but there’s this pull toward you that I can’t deny. By no means do I plan to move quickly with you but my instincts demand a lot more. I think it’s why your request didn’t send me to the hills.”

“Which request?”

“To date you exclusively.”

I nodded in understanding. When I’d made the request, it was more about me than about us. I’ll admit that I’d felt a connection from the beginning but the two weren’t related... at first. Now, it was different. We’d known each other for very little time and yet, it felt like we’d met before. Our paths had never crossed, though the chemistry was too familiar.

When he stood to take our empty dishes downstairs, I struggled to stay awake though I tried. A full belly and relaxed muscles were the reasons. Later, Lex kissed my forehead, stirring me awake.

“Beautiful, I’m going to let you sleep.” Lex whispered.

“Will you hold me til I fall back asleep?” I asked. I just wanted him near for a bit.

“You’ll be asleep before I sit down.” He teased.

“Then hold me anyway.”

Now fully dressed, Lex removed his shirt again and his shoes before climbing in next to me under the blanket, pulling me into his arms. Instantly, that empty feeling I’d felt since we’d come upstairs began to dissipate.

“That feels so much better.” I admitted before my eyes closed.

He said something but it got lost as I faded into a deep and restful slumber.



Chapter 4

CAMI

About five weeks later, I was used to our sporadic sleepovers. I was also accustomed to how considerate Lex was. If training was tough, he'd come over and massage me down. He'd never made a move outside of his normal grooming or massaging. At the club, he teased me but never cashed in on anything I offered silently. And I still received roses from him at least once a week.

I'd asked him about sex and he'd told me that having sex required a different sort of negotiation. One that he didn't know if I was ready for, especially since he didn't know how long he'd be here. Finally last week when we were making out in my bed, he confessed the issue. Mostly because I'd provoked it. He usually waited to have sex because he hated condoms. And things were way too new for us to discuss it.

Caught in the heat of the moment, I'd asked him about making an exception since we knew our time was limited. I promised to consider it and we both agreed to get tested in the meantime. Maybe it was my hormones, but I was always aroused and masturbation wasn't getting me any closer to what I wanted. As crazy as the idea was, I was considering the "no condom" rule wholeheartedly.

Lex told me that we couldn't have sex before three months. I'd added the addendum that I was fine with that unless he was leaving. Then he'd have to agree to my way. Condoms and a proper farewell freaky session. Until then, I'd have to suffer through.

My doorbell sounded through the house and as I walked to answer it, I considered my options. I was off work today and only three people knew that. Shelly was busy at work so it couldn't be her. I peeked through the window to see Lex standing there looking ruggedly handsome in his jeans, t-shirt, and that dashing smile of his.

I'd just finished a shower, wrapped in a robe, and washed my hair. I guess we'd see what he thought about me in rare

form. My hair was a mess and I'd only managed to wrap it into a towel.

"Hey..." he greeted first.

"Hey to you, too." I responded.

"I wanted to talk to you about something. Can I come in?" He asked but I could hear the underlined demand in his question.

"I just got out of the shower and haven't had a chance to get settled. Can we talk later when I'm more put together?"

"Is that the only reason why I'm still standing here, waiting for a proper greeting?"

Crap! I closed my eyes hoping that he wouldn't make me pay for that mishap later.

"Yes, sir."

"Then I suggest you rectify it quickly." He warned.

I took a deep breath, gathering courage, and stepped back to open the door for him.

He walked inside and waited for me to close the door behind him. When he turned, I walked up to him, put my arms around his neck, and waited for his arms to wrap around me. When they did, I relaxed into him, blocking everything else out.

"Hello, sir." I reached up on the tips of my toes and kissed him.

"About time," he whispered before giving into the kiss.

Our tongues mingled as he took over, capturing my mouth and branding it with his. Kissing him was always all consuming. And he never let up until I was begging for more. I wondered if he knew how to peck or kiss quickly, because we never did. On cue, need curled in my stomach and began winding up towards my mouth where we connected. I pressed against him wanting to connect even more. My fingers inched into the hair at his neck, adding to the sensations I was feeling. His fingers curled downward into my butt and he kneaded it,

bringing my attention back to my core and how I wanted him. Ready to take this to the next level I begged with whines for him to continue. Just like I knew he would, he slowed the kiss bringing it to an end.

“Let’s talk...” Lex said.

Curbing my disappointment, I followed him to my bedroom. He stripped down out of his clothes and sat in the center against the headboard.

“Now you...” He instructed.

I followed his orders and climbed on the bed.

“Did your results come back?” He asked.

I leaned over to pull the letter from my doctor out and handed it to him. Clean bill of health. He’d already showed me his. Reading the results, I saw his shaft harden, ready to strike.

“And you’re still on the pill?” He asked but the look in his eyes told me that part of him didn’t care about the pill. We weren’t serious enough for me to commit to the strong possibility of kids. It was reckless enough for us to chance it on the pill.

“Yes. I am.” And I wanted him.

“Then come here...”

He pulled me on top of him as he slid inside me slowly, making me sigh in awe. This felt different. It was the first time I’d had a man inside me without protection. For a few minutes, I froze. Were we moving too fast? Was this too much? Why was I afraid now of our actions? Why hadn’t it bothered me when we’d discussed it?

Emotion stirred so hard that it took conscious effort for me to remain in place. Why was this affecting me so much?

“Breathe...” Lex instructed. “I’ve got you.”

It wasn’t that it didn’t feel good. It was the opposite actually.

“Relax, beautiful.”

I was trying. I really was.

Lex lifted me and I panicked. I wanted this. I really did. We had an agreement, a very adult and responsible one. So why...

I gasped as he slammed me down on him. Air rushed through me and back in.

“Breathe...”

And he did it again. And again... and again...

It took a minute but before long, I was a willing participant. Riding him, I got into the right frame of mind. He felt so good and slick. I leaned forward taking his mouth.

Lex kissed me back but it was different. He was too focused on me to enjoy it. I groaned and pulled him into me, grinding against him, and twirling my hips.

“Fuck!” He shouted. Now he was back inside the game. “You’re going to pay for that.”

He put his arms around my thighs, pulling me down harder on him. He spread my legs making it impossible not to feel his strength deep inside. He was going to make me come.

I pushed against him but he held on tightly. I pushed harder knowing that I was going to explode, soaking us both, if he didn’t let go. I pounded on his shoulder while screaming my pleasure to the heavens.

“Oh god!” I protested..

“Lex... my name is Lex. Not god.” Sarcastic son of a bit—

I screamed loud as the dam filled somewhere inside and was seconds away from bursting. He needed to let me go. I needed to co—

His movements quickened. Fucking me faster, overwhelming my senses, and pushing me to the brink. Everything buzzed and my thoughts disappeared as emotion and sensations flooded every part of me. I tried to hold on to anything but everything seemed to be slipping away.

I exploded hard, gasping for air.

“There’s my good girl.” But he didn’t stop.

Lex fucked me until I came twice more on top of him. He stayed inside as I tried to figure out what had just happened to me. He was thorough and we were both soaked from his persistence.

“Now... we’re supposed to be talking.” Lex gritted out.

“Yes... yes, Sir.” I mumbled, resting my head on his chest.

“I got a call last night from my company.” He paused after the statement.

I knew what that meant. I tensed because my thoughts began building and spiraling downward. We’d just...

“Taxis. That’s where I’m off to. I leave in three days.” Three days.

“Uh huh.” Three... days...

“So we can spend the next two days together if you want, or we can part ways...”

Three days.

I knew this was an opportunity. He’d told me. Then why even bother with the no condom thing? I began doubting my trust so far with him. Why had I not questioned him about possibilities before I’d consummated our agreement.

“I’ll be gone for three months before I can come back home. I always get a minimum of two weeks back but I’m not sure where the next place will be. I never know.”

“Mhm...”

“However, well first, how are you feeling about all of that?”

“Played.” I admitted.

“Wait... why?” The look of shock on his face mirrored how I felt when he told me he was going to Texas. How dare he?

“You knew when you walked in here that you were leaving, yet you said nothing.”

“I see... well, I was hoping that...”

“How could you?!” I started to move away but he was still very much inside me and hard. He hadn’t come yet, it’d only been me to have that pleasure.

Lex held me still and it only made me angrier. “Listen, for chrissakes. I’m trying to ask you to come with me. I have no plans to stop seeing you.”

“Come with you?” I looked at him trying to figure out if this was a game.

“Damn it, Cami!” Lex sighed and ran his fingers through his short hair trying to calm down. “I didn’t come over here for sex. You know how I felt about the sexual part of our relationship. But when I got here and saw you half dressed, smelling good, and your skin glowing, I had to have you. If you would have said your results weren’t here, I’d have used a condom. I hadn’t planned this. I’d only come here to ask you to consider going with me.”

Shocked, I just sat still watching him. His eyebrows were furrowed and worrisome, his eyes were dark and focused on his thoughts, and his body was now tense. He wanted me to go with him. He wasn’t playing with my emotions.

“I see...” I leaned forward and nibbled his neck. “Relax, please sir.”

“I’m trying. I’m not here to play games. I told you, I like you.”

“You did.” I nibbled up to his ear while pressing my breasts against him.

“You’re not going to make me—”

I began rotating my hips against him, grinding on his needy dick inside me.

“Yeah... just like...” Lex’s eyes closed as he gave into the sensations.

“You’re not just saying all of that because you want to fuck me, right Lex?” I exhaled a sigh that came from somewhere deep.

“I could’ve fucked you long ago, Cami. You like the way I touch you. You melt when we kiss. Taking advantage of your sweetness is not the reason I’m here. I want to conquer your fears, destroy your reality, and make you crave nothing but me. Kind of hard to do that from Texas.”

His words. No, it wasn’t a profession of love but that’s not at all where we are in this—whatever this is we’re doing. It still registered inside. I was still moved by what he’d said.

“You can’t destroy me, Lex.” That’s already the path he was on. I just had to make sure it wasn’t how we ended.

“I can’t? Is that a challenge?” His eyes searched mine, questioning if I really wanted to take this route.

In order to destroy me, I’d have to love him. I was sure that my heart didn’t work that way any more. Being left at the altar is the worst way to destroy a person. There was no topping that.

“It’s my truth.” I resolved. Sadness filled the empty cavities of my heart just before the inside of my nose began to burn. Tears gathered but I blinked them away hiding my pain somewhere unseen.

“Enough of this.” Lex held on tightly to me before rolling me over onto my back with him on top of me. The top of my head was on the edge of the bed, just shy from going over. He raised my hands, folding them behind my head, while burying his head into my neck. “Don’t move, beautiful. And by the way, I will destroy every part of you one piece at a time.” It was a reminder of his master plan.

Wondering exactly what he meant, I opened my mouth to speak and his fingers pressed inside at the same time that he began moving inside me.

Overwhelmed, I felt helpless in this position. He was fucking my mouth and my pussy. It was slow and methodical. An example of push and pull. A push of his hips resulted in a pull of his fingers. My focus was on keeping up but all his efforts resulted in me feeling more at my core.

I could only smell, feel, hear, taste, and see him. His breathing next to my ear. The feel of him inside me. The smell of his cologne and natural scent. My tongue, as it licked his finger while sucking, tasted his intention. Even with closed eyes, I could see his face mirrored there. He was forcing me to consume all things Lex.

“The thought of me destroying you has you soaked. You want this.” Lex began moving inside me faster after he hiked my leg up. Deeper.

Panic rose quickly. I was going to explode. I’d never felt so full and controlled. My head weighed on my hands successfully trapping them. The story of this scene was ironic really. It was in this moment that I understood what he meant about feeling. My fears and everything else were secondary. Primarily, my body was under his thumb. My mind was consumed with him. Nothing mattered but him. And I understood why he used the word destroyed. Because if he kept this relentless behavior up in his pursuit of me, I would be exactly as he said...

Destroyed.



Chapter 5

ALEXANDER

The afternoon sun shined through the windows of Cami's bedroom, highlighting her sleeping face. After forcing multiple orgasms from her, I finally let her succumb to sleep. Sated, I laid here holding her against my chest wondering if this would work out between us.

Cami had never given me an answer about if Texas was a go or not. If it wasn't, it would be a long three months, testing the very new relationship we had. This wasn't my first experience with the distance, but it was the first time I'd been unsettled about it, though.

I was tired of things not working out as well as the lost time spent trying to manage it. I also liked Cami. Sure, I liked the others too but the energy surrounding Cami felt different. I could be wasting my time or maybe it would work out as I needed it to. There was no real way to know for sure. All I could do was trust that the outcome would be best for me no matter what that meant.

"I can feel your brainwaves trying to figure things out." Cami mumbled in a state of half alert, half asleep.

"Yes, there's a lot to do in three days." I admitted.

"Anything I can do to help?" Cami asked.

I knew my response wasn't the appropriate one so I decided to keep it short and simple. "No, but thank you."

"I can't go with you to Texas. I'm in the middle of a contract here. Besides, I couldn't leave Laila and it's an expensive trip. There's no way that I could put everything on hold for three months."

"I understand. Then we need to discuss my expectations."

"Of?" Cami tilted her head to see my face and I used the excuse to slide my hand across her face.

"Us."

“Us...” Something changed in her expression as if she wasn't hopeful at all for what I had to say.

“How often can you get away? If I'm gone three months, I think we can handle three visits.” I palmed her ass, pulling her closer.

“How long is the flight and what's the time difference?”

“One hour for the time difference. And depending on the flight, about two to three. I won't get on a flight with more than one stop because it can be as bad as six to eight hours.”

“I could swing two for sure. I'll have to plan my schedule for more.”

“Let me know and I'll book them. How do you feel about video calls?”

“I'm fine with whatever needs to happen.” Cami wiped away a tear and I noticed a chill on her skin. Keeping the information to myself, I pulled her on top of me and covered us in the blanket.

“Tell me how you feel about me leaving.” I pressed.

“I don't like it. I feel like... now that I know you want to see where things go, it's not as bad. I just wished that we had more time to see where we are before this happened. I'm used to being with you a few times a week and sleepovers too. It'll be lonely.”

“I'll try to make it less hard. It's a balance. We'll have to plan with it to find our common ground.” I knew it was because of not only intimate relationships, but friends and family too.

“Who will take care of your house?” She asked.

“I have a housekeeper who takes care of my house. My brother takes care of everything else.”

“For me, it'll be hard if I go for long periods without talking to you... days. I can't forget that we're in a... situation.”

I growled. “I expect you to be committed.”

Maybe it was the skin to skin intimacy during sex but I didn't want her fucking off with anybody else. Funny how the tables had turned. The thing she asked me for was now the exact thing I was asking of her.

"Expect?" Cami gave me a defiant look. "You sure are demanding today. Not to mention, you were against this very idea."

"It's been almost two months. You asked on the first date!"

"Correct. However, what little I know of BDSM, shows me that it's a different level of intimacy. I didn't know what that meant. And could I give myself completely to you if you were doing those exact things with someone else? No, I don't think so. Honestly, I don't think you could either." Cami caressed my face, stroking my beard.

"I'm not seeing her the way I'm seeing you." Gabriella and I were only seeing each other for her training and Cami was always present. Mostly, it was to get her comfortable around men. She was progressing but I wasn't interested in a relationship. We'd worked through a few of her fears but I was confident that she could continue with a different master.

"Okay..." Cami tried to hide her face by tucking into me.

I gave her a minute before lifting her head to look at me. "When I leave, I won't be contacting her. My time with Gabriella is over."

"And what will happen with her?"

"That's for her and Howard to decide. I've carried out my responsibilities with her. She's aware of my predicament. She knew it wasn't permanent."

Cami nodded but her expression was unreadable. "So we're really doing this, huh?"

"Having second thoughts?" I studied her face but she kept her features schooled. Her defenses were rising. "If you are, let me know."

"Reservations. Not second thoughts. Lots of what ifs. I don't want to get hurt."

“And I’m not here to do that. Destruction isn’t always bad. Tearing you apart, for me, also means putting you back together. I can tell that things have been tough for you. You told me that your ex hurt you. I think it goes deeper than what you’re telling me. I won’t push today, but understand that eventually we’re going to have to talk about it. I’m in this with you. Even if something happens and you change your mind in a few months, right now, you’re my girl. I feel like that’s all we need to know unless you’re feeling different.”

“The timing...” Cami sniffed. “I want to believe you. How do I know that you’re not just saying all of this because you’re leaving? Then sex... it just confused it even more. You’ve been taking it easy on me, I asked around at the club and found out that you’re into some pretty kinky things. Rope, restraints, forced orgasms, knives, and even fire. What if that stuff is too much for me?”

“You asked around? Why didn’t you ask me?” I couldn’t help the scrunched up places on my face from wrinkling. Forehead, eyes, and even the tightness of my lips.

“When I ask you questions about certain topics, you shut down. I didn’t want that. I just wanted honest answers.”

“I would have been honest. I have been all this time.” My voice was stern and no matter how I tried to stay relaxed, I couldn’t.

“I wanted to know.” Was her only verbal response but the truth was still hiding. She’d looked away and was fidgety.

“Why?”

“Because I did.”

“Why?”

“I answered that.”

“You didn’t. Why, Cami?” My control was slipping and I was feeling caged beneath her. I needed to move about to get air, but I knew if I moved, progress would be lost.

“I just...”

“Why?!”

“Because what if I can’t be what or who you need me to be?! What if you don’t like who I am outside of BDSM or what I can offer isn’t enough? Though it’s been a little under two months, most of my time learning has been with another person. You haven’t shown me who you are or what you like. Not really!” Cami moved off of me and away.

I stood and pulled on my boxer briefs before pacing to calm down the aggression rolling through me. She was right but this was bigger than that. I didn’t like her asking around but I could see why she had.

I was beginning to feel like my back was against the wall. I’d been honest with her but I hadn’t given her everything. I knew that my tastes were darker and with the newness of everything in play, I’d only given her a taste here and there. That’s why I was pissed. The real reason why I paced around her room like a crazy person. If I showed her too much too fast, I could scare her off. Been there, done that. If I didn’t show her pieces of me now, and she found out later, there was a chance that I’d lose her anyway.

“Will you stop pacing and talk to me?” Cami asked the question and for the first time, I looked at her. She was hugging a pillow and was as far away as possible from me. Not to mention the worry lines and tears sliding down her face.

Fuck!

“Give me a minute.” I walked downstairs to get space, ending up in the kitchen.

I got a glass of ice water but sipping it helped none. I couldn’t taste it and the cold did nothing to relax me. I opened her refrigerator, looking for something sweet, but instead I found raw ground beef in a bowl defrosting. It distracted me, so much so that I pulled it out along with seasonings from her spice rack, and some sausage she had. I seasoned, mixed, and prepared italian meatballs. After putting them in the oven, I washed my hands and cleaned up my mess, sanitizing her counter too.

Going back to the refrigerator, I grabbed the strawberries she had. Taking a bite of one, I realized they weren't sweet at all. So I cut the tops off, added a bit of sugar to them as well as drizzled them with chocolate syrup and crumbled nuts on as well. Bowl and ice water in hand, I went back upstairs to find Cami watching TV in bed.

"I didn't think you were coming back." She scoffed.

"I needed some space. Air. I was feeling unnecessarily closed in."

Cami nodded and I sat beside her. I picked up the bowl and she tried to peek into it.

"What's that?"

"Something for my girl." I picked up the strawberry and held it to her lips. "Open."

Cami did and I put the first strawberry into her mouth until the plumpness touched her lips. She sucked and bit off the piece. She licked the chocolate from her mouth as she chewed, catching my full attention to her lips.

"Mmm..." Cami's eyes lit up as she chewed.

"Like that, do you?"

She nodded, eyeing the rest of the strawberry held by my fingers.

Chuckling, I held it to her lips for her to eat. She did but held my hand keeping it near her mouth while she chewed the piece she'd bitten off. When it was gone, she licked my fingers clean of the chocolate and nuts. The swipes of her tongue, the way she sucked my fingers, and the mischievous look on her face made me pause for a second before kissing her.

I held her face, chin in hand, while I explored her mouth at my pace. Slow and deliberate. It didn't take long for her to become impatient. Still, I held her in place. When I was sure that she'd suffered properly, I let her go and fed her another strawberry.

Cami couldn't hide her misery and I didn't pretend to care.

“What is that delicious smell?” Cami asked, reminding me about dinner.

“Dinner.” I stole a strawberry and put the bowl back on the table. I went to the kitchen, added my sauce to the meatballs, and topped it with cheese before popping it back into the oven. I started my pasta and checked for salad options.

When Cami came downstairs, the salad, pasta, and meatballs were done. The bread was warming and I was opening a bottle of wine I’d brought on one of my visits. It was from a local winery and she loved it. I’d have to get her some to have while I was away.

“What’s all of this?” Cami asked.

“Dinner. It’s also my way of calming down. Have a seat.” I nodded to the table.

With everything served, we ate and made small talk. When there was a break in conversation, I cleared my throat and looked at her. “I want you to know that I heard you upstairs. All of your concerns and fears, they make sense. You were right. I haven’t given you much to go on. So I want to make a proposal.”

“I’m listening.” Cami leaned forward after she put her silverware down.

“In Texas, you’ll get me without the training wheels. I’ll help you through but I won’t work you up to things. We’ve been doing that and you’re asking for more. I’ll give you that on two conditions.”

Cami nodded. “I’m listening.”

“The first one is that you’ll be in submissive mode the entire time. That means putting everything that you’ve learned into play 24/7. Slip ups and not following the rules that you already know won’t be tolerated.”

Cami swallowed, nervous. “And the second one?”

“You’ll tell me if things become too much. If there are things you can’t handle, you’ll let me know.”

“I can do that.” Cami smiled softly.

“Now, can we go back to enjoying our time together?” I asked, hoping that we’d made some progression. The rest couldn’t be handled until later.

“We can.” Cami’s eyes shined brightly from the wine and I was done eating. My appetite had changed and I wanted her now.

I took her to the couch and feasted on her body for the rest of the evening. Afterwards, I held her while we slept. The reality of everything came crashing down. I knew tomorrow would be an early day filled with packing, getting things in order in my personal and private affairs. Texas was coming. It was one of my biggest deals I’d had in a while and I needed to make sure that my head was completely in the game. No bullshit. I knew I could do it, it’d just be a hell of a ride in the meantime. I guess everything is bigger in Texas, even the stakes.



Chapter 6

CAMI

“Mrs. Russell, I understand. Things happen.” I reassured my biggest client.

“I’ll pay you for our current contract but when I leave, I’ll have different requirements. We can video message and you can send me suggestions. I don’t know how long I’ll be gone.” She admitted.

“When I land, I’ll send you a new agreement.” I reminded her of my flight that would be leaving in a little under four hours. She’d called me last minute to let me know that she wouldn’t be here when I got back.

“You enjoy your vacation. Send me the details when you’re back home.” She’d been worried that her slot with me would be gone when she came back. She’d also been terrified that she may actually have to dress herself for once.

“Will do, Mrs. Russell. You be safe as well.”

She disconnected the call and immediately after, my phone rang again, and this time it was Lex.

“Good early morning, sir.” I was happy to hear from him since I hadn’t talked to him yet today.

“Good morning, beautiful. What are you doing?”

“Relaxing on the couch. I’m exhausted!” I admitted. Laila jumped on my lap and I scratched her belly while I held her.

“Are you packed?” He asked.

“Yes, sir. I’m completely ready. I just had to see double the clients to satisfy their weekly requirements. Lots of video calls and instructions.”

“Because what would they do without you?” He asked the question but I could hear the humor in his voice which made me giggle.

“They’d be fashion backwards.” I yawned, feeling the effects of the past few days.

“You leave in an hour?” I could hear the worry in his voice. Already, he was in that take charge mode. Did it never sleep or take a break from running the show?

“I do. I’m hoping I can make it that long. Tired.”

“I can have the car come sooner so that you can nap there.”

I wanted to say no, but something told me that if I napped here, I’d miss my flight.

“Okay. I’ll get dressed.” Conceding wasn’t a struggle since I could feel how exhausted I truly was. This week had been tough but I hadn’t thought that I’d over done it by any chance.

“Perfect. I’ll call you back in a bit.”

I stood immediately because I could feel the drowsiness kicking in. I showered and got dressed quickly. My bags were already at the door. I took Laila to the potty before Lex called back to let me know the car was on the way.

This was it. No turning back. I was going to go spend a week with Alexander the Master. I was nervous and yet excited to see what this trip would be like. When I closed my door and locked it, I tried to leave all of my reservations about my trip inside the house. I double checked for my passport once more before the car pulled off. It was in place and with no reason to go back, I focused on the ride and stayed in the moment for the duration of my trip.



Arriving at Lex’s place, I walked in with the code I was given. The driver brought in my bags, leaving them inside. Once he was gone, it was just me. This house was huge. We’d pulled up on a rounded driveway that was off of the main road. I counted two garages while I was outside. One on each side of the house.

“Hello...” I called out but didn’t get an answer. Time for a tour.

On the first floor there was a huge kitchen with more gadgets than I could have imagined. All the appliances were brand new, gleaming stainless steel. There was a bright and colorful game room stocked with board and card games. And like a princess afraid of the beast, I walked into a library stocked with books from floor to ceiling on half of the room. There was a desk and chair, as well as a fireplace and oversized comfy chair that made me want to grab a book and cuddle in. The office also had tall bookshelves that reached the ceiling. Two standard bathrooms were downstairs but they would have been offended at the word “standard”. They were anything but that. I just knew that the ones on the second floor would be more grand. No baths or showers in either, but they were almost as big as the guest room in my own home. There was a laundry room, living room, and also a bright sunroom that shined so much light inside it was almost blinding.

On the second floor, there were five bedrooms and three bathrooms. One of the smaller rooms had a desk inside with a small bookshelf. The master bedroom made me gasp at the size of it. It took up almost the entire right side of the house and even had an access point to the upstairs balcony. It had a separate deck equipped with a pit and seats. Then there was a huge master bathroom with his and her sinks, a tub, and a walk in glass shower.

I didn't understand what Lex needed with so much house. I wasn't complaining about living here with him for a week but I couldn't imagine what he'd do in it alone. I heard movement downstairs and rushed quickly down the spiral doors in hopes of seeing Lex. There was a beautiful elderly woman carrying groceries into the house, smiling when she saw me coming toward her.

“Hola! You must be Cami. I'm Emilie, Lex's housekeeper and assistant here.”

“I am. How are you, Emilie?”

“Beuno. Lex is still in his meeting. I'm going to help you get settled in before he arrives. Then I'll get dinner made.”

“If you’ll just tell me which room I should use, I can handle it from there.”

“No can do.” Emilie walked into the kitchen where she deposited the bags she was carrying.

I grabbed my bags and ascended to the second floor. Emilie came up behind me and then walked in the direction of the master bedroom. She opened the door and I followed her. She opened the door to the closet and I instantly fell in love. There were clothes on the side she walked to and I wondered where I was putting my things.

“These are the items that Lex purchased for you. They’re already hung and pressed. Let me know if anything doesn’t fit and I’ll get it exchanged for you. Also, this is your side of the closet and the dressers on this side are also yours. He said you’d like this.”

I followed her to a modern white vanity dresser and almost shrieked. Complete with a mirror and several compartments for makeup and jewelry, it was beautiful. The stool had a fluffy seat and sat high to reach the vanity. Fresh makeup brushes rested in the holder on the left, cotton balls and q-tips were in jars on the right. The entire area was perfect for my Youtube channel. There was even a ceiling to floor mirror on the opposite side.

“Thank you, Emilie, for all your help.” I could see all of the little things that were a woman’s touch. She had to be responsible for all the added things.

“Absolutely. I’ll let you get settled.” She dipped her head toward me before exiting the room leaving me in a clothing paradise.

What was all of this? Throwing caution to the wind, I tried on a few things and was completely blown away by how nicely they fit. One of my favorite outfits was a wine colored sleeveless sheath dress. I paired it with a mauve jacket and wine leather pumps that laced up my calves. Total knockout. I combed my straightened hair into a bob and was totally impressed with how good it looked on me.

“That’s one hell of a greeting.”

Startled, I jumped at the sound of Lex’s voice. “Lex!” But then I saw him looking more than a little delicious in his suit. Jet black with a heather gray button down and black tie was his weapon of choice. Butterflies flurried in my stomach as I watched him walk to me. Boy did this man know how to wear money. And his walk was sure and confident but his eyes are what got my heart racing. The way he looked at me made my feet stick to the floor. He was the lion in his domain and I was in unfamiliar territory.

Lex pulled me into his arms and I leaned up to meet his lips as they came crashing down on mine. I clawed at him trying to get to more of him. His hand held my head steady while he drained me of will power and drugged me with a heavy dose of him. My head swam and still I wanted more. No games, I was begging for everything he gave. I didn’t care about desperation, being perceived as needy, or any of my insecurities. I needed Lex in so many ways. Being away from him for a few weeks and not being able to touch him, drove me to this point. I was unashamed and ready for this moment to never end.

Lex’s other hand caressed all my curves that he could reach, branding me as he went. He inched my dress up and over my butt while backing me up to the vanity table. Trusting him, I followed his lead to keep me from falling or bumping into anything.

Breaking the kiss, I was shocked at his words.

“Bend over and hold on to the table.”

I hesitated only to turn around. I knew the rules. For this week he was in charge and I was to do as told, communicating issues to him. So far, I was completely on board. In front of me, there was a mirror, giving me front row seats to watch what he was about to do.

“You remember the rules?” His voice was gruff but it seemed to caress all of the tingly parts of me.

I watched as he unbuckled his belt and folded it. Shit, was I really ready? “Yes, sir.”

I was breathless. Was I really anticipating what would happen?

“Good.” The first strike of the belt on my skin smarted but I was quickly distracted by the fingers tickling my clit.

“One... sir.” I puffed out. “Oh!”

“Good girl. Keep up.”

Each swat resulted in my counting out loud. After fourteen of them, I was begging for him to make me come. His fingers never let up while he was torturing me, but when I got close to my orgasm they stalled, never letting me tip over.

“Sir!” I shouted restlessly.

“Yes, beautiful?” He put his belt on my butt and unbuttoned his pants. He withdrew his shaft and I watched as he stroked it.

“Keep licking your lips like that and I’m going to put something in your mouth to lick.” He threatened but it didn’t scare me one bit.

I hadn’t realized that I’d licked my lips but I wasn’t shocked either. “Please, sir?” I begged.

Instead of giving me what I wanted, he teased my pussy with the head of his shaft. I whined ready for him to do something with it.

“Wet...” He hissed when he rocked against me sliding between my lips but not entering me.

“Please...” My clit throbbed harder as he teased it.

“Please, what?” He loosened his tie before taking it off. He looped it over my head as he slid his shaft inside me.

My breathing was heavy. I was worked up and ready for him to use me to get us both off. He pulled the tie, choking me while he bucked inside me. Sensations took over and my reality morphed into something surreal. Every time I clapped back against him, I could feel just how much my body enjoyed

him. My legs were spread open, yet I was leaking all over us. The harder he stroked me, the more I enjoyed it. He worked me hard, pausing only to give me air when necessary. My head fogged over more and I lost my hold onto my sensations too. I could see him behind me but everything narrowed to be so small that it felt as if I'd fallen into a hole.

A sting to my butt brought me back to the moment and they didn't stop raining down. He controlled the air, the pain, and the pleasure I received like it was second nature. I commanded him silently but a stream of obscenities were what I was shouting with every stroke.

"Fuck... fuck... fuck...." And some of them were silent too. I was close. I'd already come or at least I thought I had. This orgasm was different. It was pounding against me, persistent about making me succumb to Lex's twisted ways.

"Beg..."

What?! My eyes widened and I struggled to see the purpose of this. Part of me knew that if I didn't he'd stop. Pride made me hesitate. I wasn't afraid to beg but he was demanding me to do it and humiliating me in a way I wasn't used to. Fears and defiance raced through my head but my body fought against it with a greater need.

Beg...

"Please, sir..." A tear escaped as shame washed over me.

What was I doing here?

"Cami, look at me..." I looked up into his eyes but instead of seeing harshness or something that felt degrading, I saw how tenderly he looked at me. I knew he was enjoying me and I was enjoying him. Maybe this wasn't about humiliating me as much as it was about satisfying him. Could I do it? "Beg me not to stop."

"Please..." I didn't want that.

"Beg me to make you come."

I whimpered. I definitely wanted him to do that. "Please, please, please, sir."

“Beg me to come inside you.”

I gasped. “Sir, come with me please!” I tingled and I knew I was tipping.

Lex growled and the tempo changed. Shorter, persistent strokes came from him. There was a spot... one that made me weak. My moans grew louder and his thrusts became wilder and unable to hold on any more, I exploded and he was right there with me. Light blinded me and I collapsed on wobbly legs. Lex held on to me holding me upright but the world around us ceased to exist and darkness took over. Spent.



Chapter 7

ALEXANDER

Seeing Cami had awakened something in me that I hadn't known was missing. Talking to her every day, with video calls thrown in too, was great but not enough. I wanted to touch her and have her in my arms. I'd longed for her. When I did touch her, it was as if everything opened at once and I'd needed her in the worst way. That's what the romp in the closet was about.

We'd showered and eaten dinner after, but holding her in bed was my favorite part. Cami was wrapped around me sleeping and I stared out the window just watching the night sky. Nothing was on my mind, I was just content. Something that rarely happens.



In the morning, we had breakfast in bed which I prepared before we showered for a day in the streets of Dallas. Cami had a list of things she wanted to do and places she wanted to go. She was determined to experience as much of the city as she could.

Our first stop was the Perot Museum of Nature and Science. It housed modern and contemporary art not to mention that the building was a piece of art itself. The different angles of the building were abstract and Cami stood outside of it just staring at its uniqueness. No camera, just her taking in her surroundings. I watched her, amused at the different expressions that she had.

“It even smells like art,” Cami said randomly.

“And how does art smell, exactly?” I asked, wondering aloud.

“Like so many different things are hitting you at once that it's hard to articulate its meaning. You just experience it. You just know it's art. The same with music. You hear it but it

moves your soul. You don't really understand how it dug deep inside you but it did and you just accept it. An experience. One that doesn't need a monologue."

"Kind of like you're doing?" I joked.

Cami turned to me, all smiles. "Exactly."

"Glad that I understand." I walked over to her and wrapped my arms around her waist.

"Do you?" Cami whispered the words almost as if she was afraid to ask.

Knowing that we were talking about multiple things, I manned up. I knew exactly what she was hinting at. "I do. Some things don't need an explanation about why or how it's happening. It just *is*. Words diminish the value, especially when instinct has already kicked in. Art is very similar to love. It's an experience. Only the people *in* the experience can understand it. It's greater than just physical art. As you said, music too. Do you know how many times I've read books or watched a movie and tried to figure out why there was an unexplainable rush that was both fulfilling and left me wanting more?"

"God, you're so sexy right now." Cami stroked my face and something passed between us confirming everything we'd just explained. No words were needed.

I kissed the palm of her hand and I could feel her melting against me. "You're always sexy, my beautiful girl."

Cami couldn't hide her blush or the way she tried to shy away from me. I held her tighter, forcing her to suffer through her feelings right here under my scrutiny. Her cheeks reddened underneath her mocha complexion, weakening my own defenses.

I nibbled her lips lightly before stealing a kiss that left us both breathless. She tasted sweet like the chocolate eclair she purchased on our way here. Unlike when I usually kiss her, I didn't try to control it or her. It just happened naturally. A push and pull from both of us. A moment lost in each other.

Emotions tingled along the surface as we pulled away, just observing one another.

“Let’s go inside.” I could spend the day doing just this but I knew we were on limited time as well. She wanted to see art, so damn it, we would.

Cami nodded and I followed her lead.

Inside, our experience continued on. As a matter of fact, it was our theme of the day. Stolen glances, words of affirmation, touches of affection... Lunch came next and I took her to an outdoor café where she insisted on a sandwich followed by a mini buffet of desserts. Delighted, she sampled: pecan pie, three different flavors of macarons, and kolaches. She pulled me in on her indulgence, getting me to sample too. Most of each, she boxed to go but I think the kolaches were her favorite because she finished the three she purchased.

“Are you going to be able to walk out of here?” I asked.

“Probably not, but I’m going to give it a great attempt.” She confessed.

I chuckled at the craziness of this woman. Could she get any more amazing? “Let’s go.”

We took a stroll down Mandalay Canal. She took lots of pictures of the bridge, the water ride, and even the fireworks when the sun went down. Exhausted by dinner time, she opted to eat dinner back at the house after she showered. She’d wanted to experience the restaurants down there but was too tired after all the walking.

Emilie had already prepared a lobster Bisque, spinach soufflé, and vanilla cake. Her cooking skills were the number one reason why I kept her around. She traveled with me, usually, but when I was in Cincinnati, I gave her most of that time off to visit family and friends. It was almost like her vacation.

“Where did you find, Emilie?” Cami asked while sitting in awe of the food she’d just eaten.

“At a BDSM club in Denver. I know that when she finds the right woman, I’ll lose her. But for now, I cherish the fact

that she spoils me with amazing food. Traveling with me has afforded her a life she didn't have before. She's completed culinary school and trained with some famous chefs in a lot of the countries we've traveled to. Even I'm shocked by some of the things that Emilie has accomplished in the four years she's been with me."

"That's amazing. I haven't noticed her here. She's always so quiet."

"She tends to explore a lot of time between her duties. She gets up early, follows her routine, which generally includes my breakfast, and then she disappears into town to shop for food. I'm sure she does other things too, but by the time she gets back, I'm long gone for the day. When I get home, dinner is made along with some dessert. She's the reason why I work out every day." I laughed because it was true. She's always making stuff that I can't say no to so instead of fighting it, I just work hard at keeping it off.

"If it's going to be this way, I'll probably need to join you or come up with my own routine. I can't come back from vacation being the size of a house!" Cami shouted.

"Wait until she finds out what your favorites are." I joked.

Cami shook her head giggling. "I'll try not to let her know."

Too tired for much of anything else, we went to sleep early. A day full of satisfaction. The rest of the weekend followed suit. Lots of exploring, amazing food, and me watching Cami's reactions to new experiences.

By Monday, I was exhausted and went to work late after some good loving from my girl. When I got in, people were in a flurry of chaos. There was a missing shipment of some key items and there were issues surrounding the information for locating it. I hadn't even made it to my desk when I'd gotten the first direct issue thrown in my face.

"Lex, we have a problem." Alicia, who was in charge of the team here, looked panicked. "Jessica quit."

I paused. "What do you mean, 'Jessica quit'?"

“She didn’t show up today and when they called her to see if she was okay, she said she was fine and wouldn’t be coming back. I personally called her and she told me that she was over us. She also mentioned that she would appreciate it if we never called her again.”

“Our meeting is in two hours. Did she leave behind her designs?”

Alicia scoffed. “Why would she do that?”

“Fuck.” I couldn’t be screwed this horribly when my day was going so well. “Do we have anybody who can replace her?”

“We do. They start in two weeks.”

What in the actual fuck? I looked at Alicia wondering if she really had three heads or if I was just losing *my* mind. “We have two hours. Not two weeks. We can’t reschedule this meeting. They’re buying a collection based on her spotlight. How come nobody else has these designs?”

“Several people had them, but she managed to get them all from them before she left Friday. She made up a story about giving them a final copy today while taking their sketches.

“Get me our current inventory sent right away. I’ll come up with something. See if anybody remembers anything and send them to my office with a sketch.”

“You got it.” Alicia turned to get started on the tasks.

Coming in as the third party, I didn’t care who was in charge, holding me up was problematic. My job was to come in and help them turn all their ideas into one solid collection. This job was bigger than most because they were turning four large collections into one fluid launch of collections back to back. It was risky, which is why I couldn’t understand why all of that information was left to one person.

In an hour, I’d put together something but it didn’t have the wow factor I was looking for. I was staring at the screen when my phone rang. The ringtone indicated that it was Cami. I answered on video so I could keep my hands free.

“Hey, beautiful.” I greeted.

“Hello, sir. Why do you have that frowning forehead thing going on?” She asked.

“It’s been a long day.” I sighed, looking at the items on my computer.

“The day is just starting, how is it long?”

I explained the issue and Cami seemed to understand what I was dealing with.

“The forehead is because... you are clueless?”

“No, the forehead is because I can’t figure out how to scale it up. I’m happy with what I’ve done but I don’t know if it’ll win them over.”

“Can I see?” She asked.

“Sure. Let me know if you have issues seeing it.”

I reversed the camera showing her my computer.

“Oh! These are some nice pieces. Is there a reason why you’ve got the colors set up the way you do?” She asked.

“To make them more uniform.” I looked at the clothes again. I thought I’d done a good job.

“Do you have these items available?” She asked.

“I do. Downstairs.”

“Can I see them?”

It worked out since I needed the stretch. Getting to the material floor was quick and Cami’s face lit up at all the things down there.

“This is what you do?” Cami asked.

“Yes.” I chuckled because her amusement only grew. I walked up to the rack and began showing her different things.

“What if you put the gold with the black and white and the stripes with the first shirt?”

We moved a few of the things around and I loved the direction she was in. That’s when I got my idea.

“I have my meeting in a bit. I should have enough that will get us through it. I’ll send a car for you and it’ll bring you here. Then you can help me get the rest of this settled.”

“Really?”

“Yup. I’ll see you soon.” I hung up the phone and used the app to get her a car. I looked in front of me at the changes that she made, blown away at some of the pieces that she’d put together. It worked and the risk was definitely worth it.

My meeting went well and after, Cami was here when I came out. I showed her around and then we came downstairs and it was like she was in her element. I let her get lost in the project while I handled a few other things. By the end of the workday, things were looking much better. I’d also received quite a few calls asking for Cami and I to work with some of the biggest name brands in Texas. We’d come here for one project and now there was a list of places that wanted us to help them get their brands into shape. We were officially taking over Texas.

“Thank you,” I said to her while we rode in the car going home for the day. I held her in my arms, kissing her forehead. “I really appreciate all that you’ve done today.”

“It was no problem. It’s very similar to what I do all the time.”

“You saved somebody’s ass though. I didn’t have time to rip somebody to shreds because I was busy getting things in order with you.”

Cami laughed and leaned up for a kiss. The best part of today. Cami broke the kiss with an epiphany.

“I can’t wait to see what Emilie made for dinner.”

I couldn’t help the laughter that erupted. She’d interrupted my kiss for a conversation about wonderful food.

“You’re not getting a bit of it for stopping my kiss to talk about food.”

Cami gasped. “Rude!”

We spent the rest of the ride joking and laughing. Enjoying one another never felt so good.



Chapter 8

CAMI

“**S**hit balls!” I yelled out.

I’d taken new pictures on my site and posted them earlier as well as a new video showing different ways to wear the stuff that Lex purchased for me. My video had four times as many hits as it usually did and was still trending. I shrieked and Lex came running down the hall.

“What happened?” He asked.

When I explained it, he smiled big. “Talented girl, congratulations.”

I did my celebratory dance entertaining him. His laughing turned serious when he began watching my hips.

“Let’s go do that in bed.”

I shook my head as he led me to our bed. I knew the night was going to be long when he stripped me down and began feasting on my body. I relaxed and gave in to him all night long. Content.



Chapter 9

CAMI

Mine. Bound. Ready. Waiting. Mine. I'd come home today wanting something different than what I'd asked of her so far. Today, I wanted to push her limits. I hadn't seen her all day and I missed her. It was the downfall of having so much time to plan out her demise.

I caressed the side of Cami's cheek and she moaned. Any touch at this point had to be torturous. I'd pushed her to the brink and the only thing she could do was wait. Would I let her come? Did she deserve it? I caressed her lips and she pulled my finger into her mouth. Hot. Wet. She sucked persistently demonstrating her talents. We'd get there eventually. She was on her knees begging, trying to convince me that I should give in to her desires. But this wasn't about her. It never was. Her purpose is to satisfy me. And she would...

I stroked over her body while tweaking her nipples between my fingertips. She bucked, closer than before. I looked down at a trail coating her thighs. Always so responsive. I leaned close to kiss her lips and she held her breath. Would the lone kiss tip her over? I nibbled them and she purred the sweetest sound. Her tongue darted out to moisten her lips but I caught it and pulled it into my mouth. As I kissed her, she shivered. Bucked. Fucked. Her moans grew louder into a scream that spoke of the truth. Orgasm.

I chuckled. She thought this was over. I lowered her to her knees and waited for her body to calm down.

"Yes, sir?"

I unbuckled my belt and sat it beside her. The lone tear was the only indication that I needed to know that she understood. Permission wasn't granted. I unbuttoned my pants exposing just how much I wanted her.

"Open. Lean forward and take all of me. Not another word."

Being the good girl that she was, she complied.

“Fuck!”

I moved back and forth using Cami’s head as leverage. She gagged and choked, but still, she followed my commands. She was my personal toy and the fun had only just begun.

“Swallow.”

She did and I barely held on. The warmth was enough for me to shoot off. The way that her tongue moved, caressing me, inviting me to give her something to swallow, was almost too much. I pulled away and she used her hands to stroke me. She wanted this as much as I did. I nodded to her and again I went into her mouth.

Wet sounds echoed throughout the room and it stirred the demon that had been sleeping until now. She gurgled and my cock twitched. It was too soon. I pulled from her mouth and pulled her to her feet. Before she could catch her balance, she was bent over with her legs spread dripping with need. I entered her hard and fast. The gasp in surprise was followed by more moans. She cried out my name as I took what I sought.

Her walls quivered around me and I gripped her hips to anchor my control. She was tight and her pussy sucked me almost as well as her mouth had. Sweat beaded over us while passion took hold and didn’t let go. I spanked her as I rode her sweet ass into another orgasm.

“Please!”

“You will be punished for that too. I told you not to speak.”

Thinking about how I would punish her was all that I needed in order to slip. My grasp on my orgasm was gone and my sure strokes turned jerky and unsynchronized. I came so hard that I bucked her flat against the bed. My body was on top of hers and I panted in her ear.

“Please sir, can your girl come too?” She spoke between tears and sobs.

“No.”

Her body shook as I rolled off of her and pulled her into my arms.

“One orgasm was enough for today,” I murmured.

I fell asleep listening to her cries of need and that was the sweetest gift she’d given me so far.

I woke up during the night to get back into her sweetness. This time I allowed her to come twice before both of us collapsed exhausted.

Holding her, I had the need to ask a question. One that I’d thought about a lot lately.

“Who broke your heart?” I asked.

“What?” She sniffed. I’d sent her into a fit of screams and tears before so the sniffing was a side effect.

“Who hurt you?” I asked differently this time.

Cami hesitated but she knew like I did that I wasn’t going to budge this time. She took a deep breath and then exhaled, hoping for strength. I could see it on her face.

“We were engaged to be married. We’d gotten through the hard stuff. Planned the wedding and everything was ready. I arrived at the wedding hall with a bad feeling. I hoped that it was just my own fears playing a part in my psyche. Dressed, and walking down the aisle, all of our family was present, and my father was by my side. As soon as I got to him, I knew something was wrong. He wouldn’t look at me and he was fidgeting.” Cami paused and I could feel the trembles coming from her body. “He um...” Her voice cracked and I stopped her.

I rolled on top of her, kissing all over her face. Lending her my strength as she tried to fight the tears, losing that battle.

“He told me that he couldn’t marry me. He’d been seeing someone for about a year and fell in love with her. He told me that he thought that he was in love with me but that this new love felt different. Better. To make it worse, she was sitting in a chair at the wedding. He’d been looking at her the entire time I’d been walking down the aisle.”

“How long were you together?”

Cami was struggling to speak with the emotions choking her up. “Two... Two years.”

“Half of your relationship.”

“Yes.”

“That makes sense.” It did.

“What?!” Cami shrieked.

“You had issues with me seeing somebody at the same time as you. It makes sense why you responded so intensely. You’d been burned by something similar. I know you didn’t know about your ex seeing somebody but in a way, she’d won and taken the prize. You didn’t want to go through that again. It makes so much sense.”

“Yeah... I guess.” Cami wiped at her tears.

“Will you stay here in Texas with me?”

“Are you okay?” Cami asked.

“Yes. Why do you ask?”

“You’re all over the place. First, you ask me about my ex and now you want me to stay in Dallas with you.”

“Well, since I wanted to offer you the job you’ve been doing for the past few days, and you’re supposed to leave in two days, I figured now was the time.”

“None of that has anything to do with one another,” Cami argued.

“Just answer. Will you stay?”

Cami tried to read me but I knew that wasn’t going to help her.

“Is that the only reason you want me to stay?” She asked.

“No. I’ve wanted you here since I got the call. But now you can work, satisfying your problem of earning money while away. I get the perks of you in bed with me every night. Making you fall hopelessly in love with me. Since we won’t

be working closely together, I'll still get the pleasure of missing you, too."

"Who says that I'm not already in love with you, Alexander?"

She'd used my entire first name and the gleam in her eyes told me she was serious.

"Then tell me." I pushed.

"I do love you, sir."

Her lips were calling mine so I gave in, branding her.

"I love you too, beautiful. Baby, stay here with me."

Cami nodded and fresh tears rolled down her cheeks. "I will on one condition."

"Name it." I challenged.

"Can we send for Laila? I miss her."

I chuckled loving her even more at this moment. "Consider it done."

"Then I'll stay."

"And you'll be all mine?" I asked, pressing my luck, hoping that all wasn't lost with the request.

"I'll be yours, sir. Will you be mine?"

And how could I say no to that?

"Yes, baby. I'll be yours."

And that sealed the deal. She was mine and I was hers.



Epilogue

CAMI

One year later...

“Do you know what time it is?” Shelly asked yelling grumpily into the phone.

I didn't care about any of what she was trying to say. I probably should since it was three a.m. there. We were in Paris on a different assignment. “I'm pregnant.”

“What?!” I could hear the movement of blankets as Shelly moved about.

“I'm pregnant!”

“How'd you find out?” She asked.

“Well, I'd been craving more desserts than usual and my sleeping habits are weird. Plus, Lex has been all over me lately. Always touching and sniffing me. He says I smell sweeter. I thought I was coming down with something because my stomach hurts sometimes but at my appointment, the doctor confirmed I'm pregnant!”

“Oh my god! When are you guys coming back?”

“In about two months. He said that he wants to take the rest of the time off to get ready for the baby. Since I'll be about thirty-one weeks then, we don't want to have the restrictions of not being able to fly home.”

“Wait... that makes you about five months pregnant. You didn't know?” Shelly asked.

“Unfortunately, no. That's why I'm still here. Lex is on his way because they're about to do our first ultrasound. He doesn't want to miss it. We're totally not prepared for this.”

“Oh my god. I need to start planning the baby shower. Are you going to keep me on the phone so I can hear the heartbeat and find out the sex?”

I giggled at how excited she was now versus how pissed she was at the beginning of the call. “Yes. We can do that.”

The doctor walked into the room with Lex following close behind her. It was showtime.

“Let’s get started.” The doctor began prepping me.

The cold gel sent me into a fit of giggles. I accepted the video request from Shelly and held the phone so she could get a good view. He moved around the little wand on my belly until he found the baby. He turned the dial on the monitor and we heard the heartbeat of my baby loud and clear.

That sound is something I’ll never forget. Here in this room was everything I’d wanted. A man who loved and adored me, my best friend who was always supportive, and the sound of my baby living inside my womb.

Overwhelmed, I didn’t try to stop the tears as they flowed. I never thought any of this would come true though I’d wanted it. The doctor printed photos for us with an extra copy to mail to Shelly. I stared at the photos completely speechless about this little baby growing inside me. A little girl that was healthy and long like her father. She was going to be beautiful.

I’d hung up the phone and was just sitting in the room by myself rubbing my stomach while looking at the sonogram completely grateful. Lex walked back into the room and I lost it. There were tears in his eyes and he’d sparked more from me. He held me tightly knowing exactly what I needed. He always did.

“I’m so happy you came back to my house on that first date,” I spoke against his chest.

“Me too, baby. It was the best decision that I’ve ever made.”

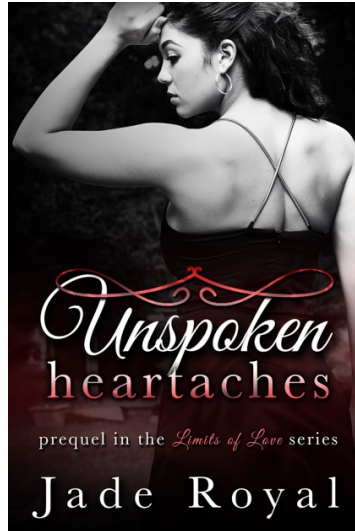
I held him tighter, never wanting to let go. “Yeah, it is.”

The End



Thank you for reading about Alexander and Cami. If you haven’t read my Limits of Love Series, this is a novella from

that world. I have great news for you, I'm including the first chapter from the Prequel of that series as well as the first chapter from the first book to pique your interest. Remember her best friend Shelly? She is the heroine in Imperfect Love. You'll also read some of her back story in Unspoken Heartaches. Stay tuned to get that coming next!.



Unspoken Heartaches, Limits of Love Series, Prequel

SHELLY

Funny, I couldn't tell you much about Birmingham, even though I'd lived here with my fiancé for three years.

When we were back home, I didn't see any traces of the monster that he'd turn into once I was out of my family's sight. I was allowed to go to school and come home where I carried out my "duties". He worked at a major security firm and that made my life hell.

The first time Gary hit me, I realized that he meant business. It wasn't an apologetic slap, but more like a boxing match that led to me staying inside for weeks. He told me that I thought I was too pretty and I needed a reality check. Yeah, Gary was that kind of guy.

In the beginning, I fought. But the more I fought the more he tried to hurt me. I should have left that day. It was more than enough reason for me to walk away. Hearing the voices of friends and family telling me that I'd never make it on my own kept me from picking up the phone. I had to make this work. Ever since my ex-boyfriend dumped me without warning, and the man that I crushed on saw me as nothing more than a little sister, my self-esteem had dropped drastically. So, while it's not an excuse to stay with an abusive man, it felt better than being a disappointment.

"You okay?" Howard asked, bringing me back into the present. His German accent was thicker than normal. I attributed it to his level of concern for me.

I stopped gazing out the window of the plane to look at the man who had taken me under his wing as his little sister. He was great in that way. I'd been friends with his sister first. Howard was the kind of man that took in strays and made them blossom. Something about him made you want to be better.

"Yes. Mostly thinking. Are you sure that you want me tagging along with you? I can just head home until you get back." As soon as the words left my mouth, I regretted them.

My home had been destroyed two years ago when my parents were killed in a car accident. Gary refused to give me money to come home, and since he monitored my calls, messages, and internet usage, I wasn't allowed to ask for money from others, either. Howard and his family had taken care of everything while I grieved for six months in silence. Gary told me that grieving wasn't something he had time for. Then he gave me a reason to cry. After that, the beatings occurred daily.

A month ago, I grew tired of living. I did as I was told, but I fought back when he decided to "correct my insolence". He now wore scratches and markings, too. I didn't care. I'd be better off dead.

"Aren't you with me?" Howard said breaking into my thoughts. "I'd love the company. Besides, I need to keep you in my sights a while longer."

I nodded. He'd seen every bruise, scratch, and scrape. I'd even showed him the healed injuries that I still felt every time I looked in the places that used to hurt.

A week ago, Howard showed up at my apartment in big brother mode. He said that he didn't deal well with half-assed returned texts and he hadn't seen me in far too long. He ignored the bruises on my face as if they were normal.

Like a little girl who'd missed the warmth of her big brother, I fell into his arms and cried until the well dried up. When Gary came home, we were in the same spot. Gary asked me what I thought I was doing. I froze and tried to pull away, but Howard held me tightly.

"Shelly, go inside and get everything you need. Leave anything that isn't important," Howard instructed.

I knew there wasn't much of anything that was of value inside, but there was something in his tone that told me to give him the alone time with Gary that he wanted. I wiped my face and never looked at Gary as I walked away.

Howard is 6'4", and every bit of a solid 220 lbs. His expression was always stern in the sexiest of ways. When I

was younger it was hard to resist the swoon that wanted to take over every time that I saw him. The more that I was around him the more it became the norm. That didn't take away from the way he seemed to intimidate a room.

When Howard spoke, he meant business. People didn't question him, they obeyed. It was his demeanor that set people into motion. Being in his presence either made you shrink away, fight, or become just as great. It's one of the reasons I loved and respected him. The air around him crackled with power and purpose. He expected perfection and tried to give that back. Gary needed not to bait the lion that was Howard Baker. It wouldn't end well for him.

"Where in the hell do you think she's going?" Gary shouted.

"Home." Howard seemed unfazed by Gary. I didn't know if that was good or bad.

"She is home," Gary said between gritted teeth.

"This piece of shit place will never be her home." More of that calm demeanor of Howard's.

"How dare you come down here thinking that you can tell my wife what to do? She needs to stay here and take care of me," Gary spat.

"Married? Since when? Because when I checked her marital status before arriving, she was still as legally single as when you brought her here."

"You know, I knew back when we were in school you wanted Shelly. You coming all the way down here proves just how hard your boner has gotten for her. You just want to fuck her."

"Gary, what in the hell are you talking about?" Howard's voice raised.

"You've always had a thing for her, Howard," Gary stated matter of fact.

"Gary, you're more delusional now than you were back then." Howard shook his head and scoffed in disgust.

“I’ll tell you what, I’ll give you an hour with her for the right price. I’ll let you do whatever you want. If you let me watch, I’ll give you two hours.”

I froze in my packing. Neither man kept their voices low, so hearing them in this small apartment wasn’t difficult. I’d already put all of my photos and memorabilia in the bag. I grabbed my computer and reached underneath the bed to get the flash drive that I had taped to the bottom of the mattress. When Gary and I fought, he never flipped the bed so I figured it was the safest place to hide something from him. I stood and looked at the closet. The clothes I’d stuffed in my bag would have to do. I gazed around deciding that nothing else was important. I didn’t want to be here any longer than I needed to be. Apparently, my level of worth to Gary was at zero. No need to drag this out.

His words hurt me more than I would have imagined. A part of me still hoped that he took the time to hurt me because he didn’t know any other way to love. Instead, I was probably something else that he needed to do. That thought sickened me and I knew without a doubt that Howard showing up today was a godsend. I heard a loud thud and grabbed my bag, running into the living room.

Gary was against the door flattened by Howard’s body, the collar of his shirt gripped in Howard’s fist. For the first time ever, I saw Howard in a different light. He looked dangerous. I had to wonder how much of him I didn’t know.

Gary wasn’t much of a match for Howard. It puzzled me why he’d provoke him. Gary wasn’t a small man. He was six feet tall, but that was a few inches shorter than Howard. He also had the disadvantage of being at least fifty pounds lighter than his opponent. Apparently, his fighting skills ended with women because he wasn’t as tough now as when he fought me. He’s a techie that is angry about the fact that Howard came to save the day. No amount of armor or sour words from him could fix that.

“Howard!” I shouted. I cared nothing about Gary. I just didn’t want Howard in trouble for his actions.

“You think that this game of cat and mouse that you play with her is fun, right? Let me see you hit a man. You don’t deserve to be in her presence.”

“You still think you’re Mr. Tough Guy, don’t you? Take your hands off me, punk!”

Howard pulled him forward and then back hard against the door, reinforcing his hold on Gary. I put my hands up to my mouth hoping that Howard didn’t go ape shit.

“I could destroy you right now and there is nothing you could do about it. See, unlike you, I know your weaknesses. That’s why I had lunch with your boss today.”

Gary paled and looked at me.

“She doesn’t know about it, but I do. Now, so does every important person at the security firm that you worked for.”

I zoomed in on the past tense in “worked”.

“You dirty motherfucker!” Gary yelled before he continued to fight Howard.

Howard slammed him against the door again and hit him twice causing Gary to curl forward in pain before falling to the ground. I didn’t know if his severely reddened face was from pain, anger, or embarrassment. Good chance it was because of all three.

“They don’t like it when people steal money from them,” Howard said while peering down at a groaning Gary. “Some things never change. You were running that same scam back in Ohio. Shelly, let’s go.”

Howard stepped back as if Gary being near his feet would soil his shoes. I moved into action and Gary grabbed at my ankle as I passed. I kicked him and kept moving. I never stopped until Howard ushered me into his car. He got into the driver’s seat and locked the doors. Gary came running down the walkway and Howard looked at me.

“Any reason why I shouldn’t pull off?” He searched my face looking for regret. That same assessing look had been used on me as a teenager.

Gary reached the car and Howard didn't even look his way, unfazed by him. I needed to make sure that Howard knew I didn't want to be here.

"I'm ready to leave here for good."

He leaned forward and kissed my forehead while starting the car. I saw Gary drawback to hit the window and Howard set the car in motion. Gary hit the frame of the car instead. I looked back to see him holding his hand and moving about in great pain.

"Sheeeeeeeeeeeelly!" Gary shouted.

I rolled down the window and threw his engagement ring out. No reason to hold on to that anymore. It was time to move on to rebuild... ME.

[Get Unspoken Heartaches on Amazon here!](#) Did I mention it's free right now?



Imperfect Love, Limits of Love Series, Book 1

SHELLY

“Shelly!” Hollie opened the door and hugged me tightly.

I smiled knowing I was home. Having little to no family always makes the holidays lonely. I keep myself busy by volunteering but “Howard the Great” wouldn’t allow it this year. He said I needed to be around family and he didn’t care if he had to drag me here to prove his point. I tried to call his bluff, but he showed up at my house this morning to drive me home proving how serious he was. Imagine that! Too bad he won, as always, because I’d planned to watch Christmas movies and eat Danish cookies straight from the tin. The Bakers are my family. It had been that way since I came trailing after Hollie in sixth grade.

Hollie was cute and had two hot brothers. I didn’t expect to develop a crush on her younger brother and become best friends with her oldest. I also didn’t expect to love her like a sister. Though, over the past four years, Hollie and I haven’t been as close due to the marriage and kids that consume her time. I haven’t been back to Cincinnati for that long either. That doesn’t mean we haven’t chatted away on the phone. It also doesn’t take away the fact that I’m her children’s godmother. We take account of the details of one another’s lives except ...

“There’s my other daughter!” Mama Baker was the most sophisticated, coolest, no-shit-taking German woman I’d ever met. She wasn’t afraid to stand in front of Howard’s tall six foot four, two hundred and sixty-pound frame and tell him she didn’t like something he’d done. Mama Baker wasn’t afraid to get in the middle of her six-foot-two younger son’s military-gun-toting self and Howard when they fought, either. She’d break them up and look at them as if she was the one that had served for several years training to kill the enemy.

Everybody always talked about how strong-willed Papa Harold Baker was, but they didn’t know that the real chief was fire flaming Mama Nathalie. Her accent was the thickest of all

the clan because she was indeed German. I loved the way her native tongue made her run her English together as if it were all one long word instead of individual sentences.

Mama Baker gave me the biggest welcome. I gathered that between her “left” and “right” nothing would harm me. It’s no wonder that the waterfall started as I held on to her. Though this family was great, I still missed my own parents. They were resting and gone five years now, but it didn’t get lighter for me as time passed. She held me tighter and the trembles only grew. God, I loved this woman. It was as if she knew what I needed right at this moment and her love was the remedy for what ailed me.

As I calmed, I looked over to see Hollie wiping her own tears. I pulled away and Mama Baker just smiled at me as she dabbed at her eyes.

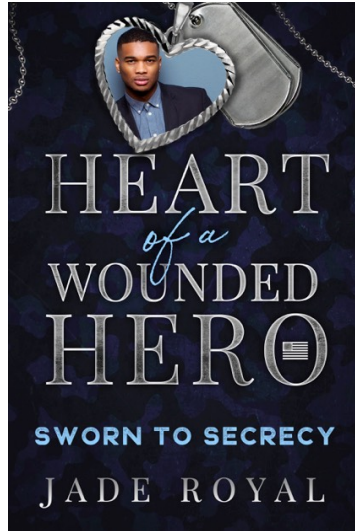
“Baby, whatever you need,” she said, leaving the rest unsaid. I knew Mama Baker would always be there for me.

“Yes, ma’am.” I hugged her again and Hollie pressed tissues into my hand.

“You girls go get cleaned up and I’ll go check on the turkey.”

“Yes, ma’am,” we both replied as we made our way upstairs. Merry Christmas, Mama, Daddy, and Papa Baker. Wherever you are, I believe you’re shining down on us.

[Get your copy here from Amazon! Free in Kindle Unlimited!](#)



Healing Berets Series, Book 1

Chapter 1

ELIJAH

We were on high alert as my six-member team entered the hidden bungalow without issues. This entire operation could have been a trap. Our mission was to save two of ours and get information about a planned terrorist attack on the United States of America. We were warned that the door was wired and not to go barging in. I'd just phoned to let our rescues know we were out front, but the woman was insistent with her question. The command center needed to hurry because being exposed like this made us twitchy.

"What's the date of Ronald's enlistment?" She asked again through the phone line.

I radioed my contact to get the information. It took a second. There were probably many people searching through why the question was being asked before someone provided the information back to me.

"July 22, 1988." Came back over the radio.

I repeated it on the phone, and she sighed in what seemed to be a relief. They'd been hiding here for days, and I could only imagine what kind of state they were in.

"There is a bush fifty paces west of the bottom step, then turn north and follow it for another hundred before you'll come to a series of bushes. The third one is back a little more than the rest. It covers a trap door. It's the only way in here. If you miscount, you'll set off a minefield of traps."

"Why can't you just come out to us?" I ask, looking around the area. There were a lot of bushes and ways to screw this up.

"Fifty west. One hundred north." The line went dead, and I swore under my breath.

"Alright, guys. Stay fifteen feet behind me, but follow my lead." I state, before checking the perimeter, scouting for movement or a sign of men lurking. We'd cleared the front of

the house, but that didn't mean more weren't on their way. I motioned with my hands for everybody to stay alert.

Following her directions, we arrived at the bushes, and I looked them over. They were staggered. Frustrated that she'd hung up, I'd forgotten which bush she'd said. I stood up straight, facing them, and noticed the third one over was positioned back the furthest. I squatted down, looking underneath, seeing that all the bristles covering the bottom were removable. When I cleared it, I found a latch. When I lifted it, the bush stayed attached to the door, making it heavy to lift. Once I got it fully opened, we followed the steps down into a darkened, stale-smelling cellar. Flashlights were on. We stayed armed as we all cleared the tunnel. A light shone from underneath the door. I motioned for my team to stay ready, and when we entered the room, a woman stood there with a gun pointed at us.

“Password?” She asked quickly.

“Midori.” I waited. She had fifteen seconds, or I'd have to shoot.

She slowly lowered the gun to the floor and stepped away from it. She was covered from head to toe in white garb that only exposed her eyes.

“Where is Ronald?” I asked while looking around the room.

She pointed to the corner where an unknown heap was draped with a heavy rug. I motioned for Hawkings to go check it out. Earhart covered him, and as soon as he lifted the dingy, mildew-repugnant rug, a scent that seemed to cover everything in this place got bolder. Death.

“Several shot wounds. There's no way it came from that shotgun she was holding. He's dead, though.”

No shit.

“Elizabeth, where's the device?” I asked her.

“I have it. The agreement was that you'd get us to safety first. My... Ronald goes with us.”

I squinted, not missing her pause. “Remove your hijab.”

“No,” she firmly said. “Lee promised that we’d be able to go. He needs to be buried on his home soil. No man left behind, right?”

“Cadell, get out of there. Men are approaching from the west. You’ve got about seven minutes before it becomes a problem.” Simpson said through the comm.

Fuck. Time to haul ass.

“Hawkings, Earhart, and Warner, get him into that rug quickly. Barrett and Curie, you’re with me. Move!”

The team scrambled, and I looked at Elizabeth Hartwell. “Let’s go.”

She grabbed a black bag that reminded me of an older laptop or office bag. She moved toward the door, looking back over her shoulder to make sure we had grabbed him. The guys lifted him up, placing his body between two men, and we set in motion. Going to the top of the steps before Elizabeth, I checked for movement. Seeing nothing, I opened it fully, and we exited.

“Remember the path,” Elizabeth said from behind me.

I did. When we cleared the landmine, Simpson was back on the comm.

“Move!” He ordered.

“Pick it up!” I shouted behind me.

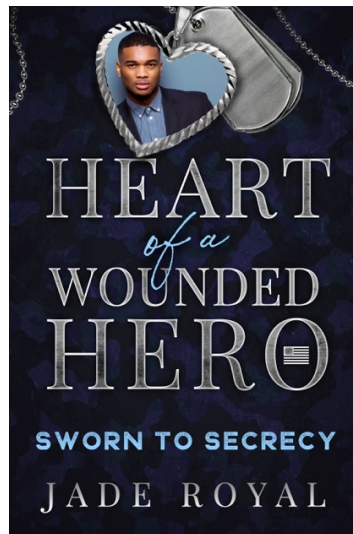
We ran toward the Ground Mobility Vehicle, and that’s when I saw the vehicles arriving that Simpson mentioned. I got Elizabeth inside before the men piled in. The body went on the floor in the back row so the men could still sit. Just as Warner was getting in, shots rang out.

“We’re under fire!” Simpson said as he put the truck in motion.

Warner barely got the door closed before we were in motion. Simpson drove quickly, but shots were still coming our way. In the front passenger seat, Curie opened the window

and fired back. The other fellas joined in until a bullet hit the tire of the attacker's car, making them spin. Another shot hit the driver, making them coast in the wrong direction.

I searched the surrounding area, looking for more threats, but none came. I looked over at the woman, who I hoped was worth the ambush. We needed that intel she had, and if she failed to deliver, she didn't want to see the repercussions of her actions. We were taking her in, but my gut told me this would not be the end of this mission. Somehow I feared that it had just become even more complicated.



Healing Berets Series, Book 1

He's her protector.

She's his mission.

Elijah

Being in Special Ops, you never know what the next assignment will be. This one was supposed to be simple, but split decisions put me face to face with a woman whose presence threw every plan to shit. My duty was to keep my wits while guarding Raya against every possible threat, including myself. She's too perfect, too addictive.

If I can't stay focused, what's going to stop things from blowing up in my face?

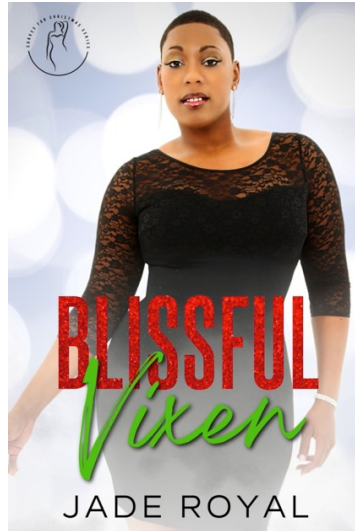
Raya

My objective was to finish what my father started, stay safe, and build a new life at the government's expense. Everything doesn't happen the way we want, though. This leaves me in unfamiliar territory, and not just the location. I've never been alone with a man, now I'm stuck with one protecting my life.

When right and wrong start to blend, I'm forced to trust the only thing I can.

My heart.

Get [Sworn to Secrecy](#) here.



Healing Berets Series, Book 2

EMBERLYNN

Sitting in the parking lot of my apartment complex, the severity of the day weighed heavily on my chest. As a licensed therapist, I had to keep certain paperwork on my clients. I'd forgotten to insert notes for two sessions on one of my favorites, and my supervisor wasn't happy. Had it happened before? Yes. Did I know better? Also, yes. But taking notes killed the energy we had during our sessions. I remembered each of them and the important details. After they let me go, I made the notes they needed for his treatment plan. I didn't hold a grudge toward them. It just sucked ass!

Sigh.

My phone pinged, alerting me to an email landing in my inbox.

Love Catered. Great timing.

Wrong. It reminded me that I was supposed to be on a flight in two days to meet the man who could be my Mr. Forever. At least, that was what they promised.

When they matched us, he'd surprised me by asking if we could get to know each other for two weeks in a place called Fitzpatrick Place in Bourbon, Texas. He was subletting an apartment there until he decided where to move permanently. After a long conversation with Dr. Cushions and my account manager at Love Catered, they assured me that the stay was safe. It was a three-bedroom suite, and there was plenty of space. They'd also arranged for someone to come and check on me to ensure everything was okay. He'd even paid for everything except my flight and rental car. I had to insist I paid that.

The crazy part was that we'd never spoken before. I'd seen his picture online when they'd sent over his profile, and we'd exchanged some messages, but that was the extent of our interactions.

Regretting the email I was about to send, I took a deep breath and wrote Love Catered to let them know I wouldn't be arriving. I then messaged him to apologize, hoping he'd forgive me. When I tried to submit it, the box became uncheckable, and a message came over from Dr. Cushions. They couldn't get a message to Hardison to let him know I couldn't make it. So he'd be waiting for me if I didn't show.

I exhaled my frustration in a quick whoosh and jumped out of my car. Grabbing my work bag and purse, I went inside and looked for a bottle of wine. Something red and dry to burn away the fury churning within me. I purchased one of the unmarked bottles from a local winery and settled on the island in the kitchen. Filling the glass above the line of respectful and going straight to the what the fuck level, I took a long sip. I closed my eyes; the freshness fizzled my nerves while the acidity bit at the back of my jaws. A loud smack eased the bite, and I hummed in approval.

“Yes!” I turned on some music and let the rhythm guide my hips.

Truth was... I'd been married before. He'd broken my heart, stomped it into pieces, and made a fool of me. He mocked my devotion to him by parading random women around. Everybody knew but me. I was too blind to see it, or I'd hoped the things that looked suspicious weren't true. Denial. I'd been the queen of it, and he'd taken advantage, leaving me to piece together my life five years ago.

Bankruptcy had saved me from going under, but now I paid everything in cash or my debit card. It'd been hard enough to get this apartment. The idea of not being able to pay my bills here physically made me sick. My trip was supposed to reverse all the pain stored there, releasing me into a space where love existed. Too much dreaming, I supposed.

More wine. Less thinking.

And I did until I passed out while singing. I remembered my mother singing when I was a child.



I woke up hungover and more tired than I'd been when I'd fallen asleep. Water, breakfast, and medication made focusing a little better.

Just when my brain caught up to my reality, my phone rang. It was my best friend.

"Yes, Tia," I answered the phone without enthusiasm.

"I was just calling to make sure that you were all packed for leaving. I'm not there to make sure that you're packing the right things, so I'm doing the next best thing."

There was a beep in my ear, and when I looked at my phone, she had requested permission for a video call.

I swore under my breath and accepted. "What, girl?"

"Show me what you've packed." She was busy doing something and not paying much attention to the screen.

"I haven't started packing yet. I had a long day yesterday and came home to cancel this damn thing."

"Why?" She leaned close to the phone and flinched as if it'd burned her. "Did you go out partying? You look hung over."

"No. I just drank an entire bottle of wine. That's all."

"With who? Because if you tell me, you drank it alone, I'm going to judge you."

"I did. But I had reason to."

She stared at me, waiting for this explanation.

"They fired me yesterday. And then, with all the money I spent on the trip... I really need it all back. I have bills to pay."

"Wait, what?" she yelled into the phone. "No, no, no, no... We are not doing that. You're going to find a new one *after* you return home. You'll find another job. What you do is too important not for people to be looking for someone. You'll

make it through. If you can swim after diving in shallow water with Lamont, girl, you can survive anything.” Her reference to my ex lightened the load that I seemed to carry. “If you don’t have a job in a month, I’ll loan you what you need. It’s not the end of the world. You’ve been really excited about this blind date, and honestly, I think I am, too.”

“I’m going to go so that I can cancel in person since there’s no way to reach him now.”

“That seems odd.” She put her hand on her hip and pondered the reasons.

I could see all her thoughts as they changed the expressions that registered on her face.

“Do you know his name?” Tia asked.

“I do. Hardison Curie.”

“Oh... Have you seen him?”

“I’ve seen his profile photo.” I saw an email from Love Catered, and I checked it. It was my itinerary. I rolled my eyes at the details hating that I wouldn’t be able to enjoy my stay as I thought I would.

“He’s fine,” she teased.

“Wait... what?” I clicked off the email to see Tia staring into the phone screen so hard that I thought she’d come through it. “Girl! Did you look him up?”

“I did. I’m surprised you haven’t. Oooh, and he’s a military man.”

“How do you know?” Before I could even switch screens, she’d sent me a photo of him in his uniform. “Hot damn...”

“Yeah, I vote not to cancel. And then, when you get there, see how much of his military training you can use for sex!”

I shook my head, laughing. But the truth was, he was sexy as hell. That photo he’d put on his profile didn’t do him justice. Maybe canceling was a bad idea.

“Maybe he can’t answer because he’s on a mission!” Tia excitedly rattled off quickly.

“Maybe.” She had a point, and he became less creepy when I stalked his social media page Tia sent me the link to. Seeing him like this made him seem real and less like a *thing* I had to do.

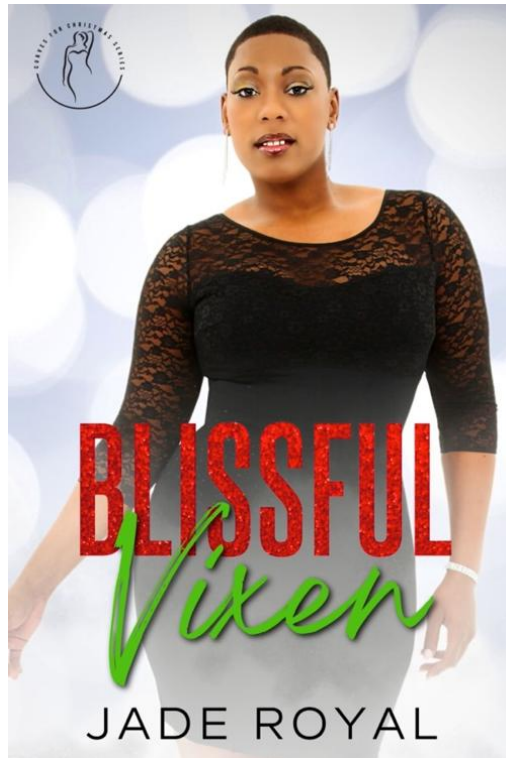
His dark brown skin seemed smooth, and I wanted to touch it. His smile was so infectious I knew I was smiling, too. Not that he could see. And those arms...

“Stop drooling, Ember, and go pack.”

What she said. I couldn't imagine walking away from his eyes that seemed to beckon me close. I felt the urge to surrender, and I hadn't even met him yet. Maybe not going was easier than telling him the truth face to face. I knew I was a lot of things, but a coward, I was not. I wouldn't leave him hanging, and I knew it.

Standing up, I moved to my bedroom, where I packed everything Tia suggested. I had no idea what the weather would be like, so I couldn't be over-prepared.

I could manage one night before I got back on a plane to come home. If he threw me out before that, I'd manage that, too.



Healing Berets Series, Book 2

One blind date. Emotional scars. Fate.

Hardison

I was cursed with the generational itch to serve and protect, building on a legacy of pride and honor.

It was all taken away in an instant. Quicker than the years of dedication I'd served.

Feeling hopeless and afraid for the first time, only one thing kept me from drowning in my sorrows.

Her.

Emberlynn

I was prepared to sacrifice everything to find out if true love exists. But one mistake cost me my job. And that was right after I spent my savings on a nonrefundable trip.

“Love Catered” promised a happily ever after, but I doubted that included a penniless and soon-to-be homeless bride. With no way to contact him, I'd have to cancel in person.

Would he forgive me?

Get [Blissful Vixen](#) here.



Healing Berets Series

This series is a military romance. It discusses some of the trials and tribulations that military men experience. Love is still possible when you need help with your healing process. Hopefully, you'll enjoy the journey of these characters and how they cope in both their military and civilian worlds.

[Sworn to Secrecy](#)

[Blissful Vixen](#)

[Heart's Salvation](#)

[Soldier's Heart](#)

[Bad Judgement](#)

[Field Strip](#)

A Love Catered



Romance

Love Catered (To You) Series

Love Catered (To You) is a series that about a dating site that matches you to your perfect person(s). It's run by Dr. Cushions and she has some unorthodox methods for putting people together. Second chances, Billionaires, Military, Paradise Vacations, Best Friends, and so much more can be found in the series. Just when you thought you knew the rules, something new comes your way. All of the stories have African American woman as the heroines but their love interests can be any nationality. Dr. Cushions makes love happen where you least expect it.

Here are the stories planned for the series. Don't worry, I have a feeling there may be a couple more.

[Exploring Her Truth](#)

[Exploring His Truth](#)

[Hail Mary.](#)

[Mending In Paradise](#)

[A Reason to Win](#)

[Madison's Manster](#)

[Blissful Vixen](#)

[Heart's Salvation](#)

[Purfect By Design](#)

[Purfect By Forensics](#)



Savage Kings Series, Prequel

ABIGAIL

The room was cool since Domino loved to freeze the entire place to a teeth-chattering temperature. I looked a damn fool when I left daily with a sweater on during the end of the summer. Suave, he leaned back in his office chair, stroking his chin. Something was up. He had not tamed his curly hair as it usually was, and his goatee needed a serious lineup. A quick text to O, his brother, and barber, required him to come to fix the situation. I also made a note to get his laundry from his bedroom. Wearing a wrinkled shirt wasn't allowed. Was that a stain on the collar? Leaning forward, I confirmed it was. His eyebrows furrowed together, bunched in deep concentration.

Domino called me into his office because he had a special project for me. He'd mentioned how important it was that I came immediately, but he sat posed as if time had no place here. Unable to stand the disarray in his appearance, I stood and went to his closet. Inside, I pulled out fresh clothes: a blue and green pinstripe polo shirt, jeans, and blue and green tennis shoes to match. The man had more shoes than me, and I'm a woman who enjoys a new pair of heels often. My shoe closet is bigger than the ones with my clothes. Domino, though, had shoes lining the closet down here and the one inside his bedroom. Every outfit had a pair to match.

I placed the items, minus the shoes, down on top of his desk. High tops on the floor. I leaned in, sniffing him. Clean. The clothes were our only problem.

"Arms up," I instructed.

"What are you doing, Abbey? I called you in here to talk, not to redress me."

"Except I've been sitting here while I lost you to your chaotic thoughts, trying to sort through the issue alone. When you're ready to include me, you'll speak."

Domino gave me that intense stare that he used to get people to do his bidding.

I giggled, not really sure why he was trying it with me. “You don’t scare me, and I still need to get you into clothes that aren’t stained and wrinkled. You look homeless.”

“I don’t.” Domino looked down at himself, noticing the state of his attire for what seemed like the first time. He sighed before standing.

“Talk,” I prompted him while I began unbuttoning his shirt and removing it from his body.

“Paula claims to be pregnant.”

My fingers didn’t miss a beat as I threw his dirty shirt in a pile on the chair. I checked his wife-beater for cleanliness before putting on his clean shirt. He helped when I needed it, and when I looked at his legs and then his face, he unbuttoned his pants.

“Your undies clean?” I asked while turning away from him.

“Yes, mother.”

I laughed at his horrible joke while sending a text back to O, who explained that he was on his way over to cut Domino’s hair and shape him up. I slipped my phone back into my pocket and rocked on my toes.

“Are you going to say anything?”

I heard the zipper being put into place and turned back to him. “No reason for me to.”

I grabbed his pants from the floor, added them to the chair, and then looked at his socks. Definitely not clean. Getting clean ones was a quick in and out of his closet. He was sitting down, and he tossed the socks he’d been wearing. Handing him the clean ones, I put all the dirty pieces into the laundry bag that I was carrying before I sat back down in my seat and gave him my undivided attention.

“She’s up to something. I can feel it. I need you to go to Cincinnati. She’s there at her mother’s house. She swears she’s

homesick, but I think it's a ploy to keep me away from her lying ass. I believe that she's pregnant, but I don't think it was an accident."

"How would she have gotten your sperm then?" I quizzed him. I'd told him more than once that he needed to be the person to dispose of his condoms. Floozies were scandalous, and having a baby by Domino Foxworth, King of California, Savage King of kings, was like winning the lottery.

"I don't remember slippin' up, but she had to get that shit from somewhere." He bent down, folding himself in half as he put on his sneaks and laced them up. "I need you to watch her. Make sure that she doesn't abort it or give it away for money. She's not the type of woman who gets pregnant and suddenly becomes caring toward children. If she's pregnant and it's mine, the baby will live with me."

"And if it's not yours?" I hoped he would not be cruel.

"Let's figure out the what-ifs if they happen."

"How long are we talking?" It was time to get down to business. I knew there was a catch somewhere. Where was it?

"She's six months pregnant." Domino leaned back in his chair, waiting for my response. He thought I was going to object.

I could see it all over his face. There were three ways I could respond. One, go ballistic about the fact that he was sending me away for three months. Or two, I could respond in kind doing what I was told. The third option was more my style. I was honored he was sending me to handle this. As silly as it might sound, sitting around there all day became melodramatic. There was a reason he was trusting me with this.

Domino was right, though. If Paula was carrying his baby, it would be better off with anybody else but her. She wasn't capable of being a mother. The child would become a bargaining chip that would give her all the financial gains that she wanted.

"When is my flight?" I asked.

There was a tap at the door, and Domino glared at the person disturbing his meeting with me. “It better be damn important.” His voice echoed off the walls.

The door creaked open, and O filled the opening, his long dreadlocks draped in front of him. Girls fawned over his handsome face, yet most of the time, he was immune to them. He didn’t like the attention, an exact opposite parallel to Saint.

He held a sandwich in his mouth and a duffel in each of his hands. He wobbled into the room and dropped both bags on the floor beside Domino’s desk. O took a bite of the sandwich he had and looked at us.

“Am I interrupting something?” His focus shifted to Domino, who was eying him and his presumable behavior. “Bro, you’re past due on the grooming.”

“Did you call him?” Domino twirled his thumbs as he watched O start unpacking his bags.

“You know I did.”

He was agitated, but that wasn’t why he had determination in his eyes. “Tomorrow.”

Figures. Standing up, I grabbed the laundry bag filled with his poor choices for today inside.

“Then I need to go pack my bag. Details?” I paused just before I exited his office.

“We’ll cover them after dinner.”

The buzz of clippers chimed in, ending the conversation for now. I knew the important parts of the assignment. Make sure that this girl did nothing stupid for the next few months, bring the baby to him, and as always, I needed to stay out of sight while I was there. I could handle that easily.



Savage Kings Series, Prequel

She's a *Savage*...

Abigail

When the King gives you a mission, you complete it. But sometimes, even the simplest things are easy to screw up. I didn't expect a partner to accompany me, used to working on my own. Especially not one that would be my roommate, and so damn tempting. Forced proximity keeps us breathing desire-heavy air together, unable to hide from the chemistry. Making a mistake could lead to fatal repercussions affecting more than just my life, but is it preventable?

Aaron

I need to handle all possible legal matters as they surfaced in Cincinnati. Beyond that, the details were scarce. I was assured that once I arrived, the missing pieces would be filled in. In a split second, the dynamics change giving me a taste of a woman I'd considered off-limits. Attraction lowers my guard and distracts us from the assignment. Will we be able to do what we need to, or will we crash and burn?

Get yours here!



The Savage Kings' Empire

Savage Kings Series

A black mafia, that originates in California, is taking over. These men are loving to their women but savages everywhere else. Trying to cross them is always a mistake and they don't give second chances. Brothers by creed and loyalty, they'll do whatever is necessary to protect the people they love.

Prequel- [Guarded Truths](#)

Book 1- [The Domino Effect](#)

Book 2- [Saint or Sinner](#)

Book 3- [Turner's War](#)

Book 4- [Ward of the State](#)

Book 5- [The Test of Perc](#)

Book 6- [O' He Have Slain](#)

Book 7- [Deer's Blood](#)

Savage Kings' Syndicate Series

The men and women who work for the Kings are just as ruthless. Make sure to check them out too! They have novellas written between the original seven Savage Kings books to help move along the series.

Prequel- [Entanglements](#)

Book 1- [Surrender](#)

Book 2- [Unforeseen Arrangements](#)

Book 3- [Wicked Flights](#)

Book 4- [Corrupted Nights](#)

Book 5- [Temptation](#)

Book 6- [Official Capacity](#)

Book 7- [Merciful](#)

Savage Claims Series

The Queens have more to say. They let the seven Kings rule the first series, allowing them to own their hearts. Now that

The Threat has been exposed and the situation settled, the ladies are ready to expose their deepest desires no matter the cost. There's a new war brewing, and this time, it's inside the gates!

Prequel- [Love Me](#)

Book 1- Choose Me

Book 2- Rapture Me

Book 3- Endure Me

Book 4- Save Me

Book 5- Abide With Me

Book 6- Show Me

Book 7- Tame Me

Savage Disciples Series

Tommy and the Rojo Disciples joined forces with the Savage Kings. California isn't big enough for both teams to rule so they're branching out and conquering new territory. They're starting with taking over where their common enemy left off. Cincinnati.

Prequel- [Seoul](#)

Book 1- Tommy

Book 2- Gabriel

Book 3- Andre

Book 4- Mateo

Book 5- Kimiko

Book 6- Santiago

Book 7- Blaze



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To the little girl who never thought this day would come, we made it! The journey is here. The time is now.

To my potential readers and loyal supporters, thank you for giving me a reason to breathe life into these words.

Forever bound,

Slave to the Pen,

Jade Royal



About Jade

When the voices begin to speak, Jade Royal sits down in her lab to tell the tale. Each story unfolds when she listens to her instincts, bringing the words to life. Jade has always expressed her creative nature artistically, especially by writing. She refers to herself as “Slave to the Pen” because it’s difficult for her to resist the call to write.

Jade resides in Cincinnati, Ohio where she was born and raised. Always traveling, she looks for the next adventure in everything she does. Coffee is always part of her plan with shenanigans thrown in the mix and music of all genres blasting from her playlists. Jade Royal has never met a stranger and once you’re part of her pack, she holds on tight keeping those in her fold protected.

Jade Royal is the author of the “Limits of Love Series”. The series focuses on love, romance, and the eroticism of the two combined. She writes interracial romance in lots of sub-genres including; BDSM Romance, Paranormal Romance, Suspenseful Romance, and more. She also dabbles in non-romance genres of Thriller and Suspense.

As an author, Jade pulls her readers in to experience raw stories that readers can relate to on various levels. The emotional roller coaster bestowed will hopefully make her readers stalk her words and indulge in her realm of fun.

Queen of her world, Jade Royal pushes the envelope of idealism, bringing you something a little different than you’re used to. To explore her domain, follow her on her website and social media avenues. www.authorjaderoyal.com

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